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"OH GOD! WHAT HAVE I DONE!"

"THE FIRST GRENADIER I KNOCKED DOWN."

[SEE FAMOUS ESCAPES ON FOURTH PAGE.]

THE LADY LAURA.

A Tale of Love and Jealousy.

In an old monastery, standing on a slope of the Apennines in Italy, I found a faded manuscript, and read the following tale of passion, and sorrow, and crime, a tale which dates back to the sixteenth century:

"I was an only child. Oh, that sad, that dangerous state! A helpless infant on the brink of a precipice is in safety, compared to an only child.

"My mother was dead. Noble, and great, and good, my father had few or none of the faults of our country and our time; he could love with truth and with devotion; he could pardon with generosity and kindness; he could be a friend to those whom it was his interest to destroy; he was a moniter to his prince, and a lover to his wife. Through life he never commited but one crime; and that crime was committed at the instigation of his daughter. His daughter's hand shall do him justice, and shall trace these lines to purify his name, though the pen that writes them be dipped in her own heart's blood.

"Bright and beautiful were the days of my childhood. Care was a vision that came not near my couch, sorrow an enemy which ventured not into our dwelling-place; hope went on before and cleared away every obstacle; and love followed after and smiled upon me as I went.

"Thus passed the hours till eighteen summers had glowed in golden splendor over my head. Once or twice my father had spoken to me of marriage; and he seemed to think that it was a duty, especially as my mother was dead, to afford me by every means in his power the opportunity of forming new ties, to call my attention to new hopes. But it was all in vain; I fancied I could never love with the love of which he spoke; I believed that I could never feel towards another aught so powerful, so intense, so absorbing, as that which I felt towards him; and the constant contemplation of his noble dignity, and his fiery energy, made me look upon all those who sought my love, as weak, insipid beings, worthy of little beyond contempt. Thus passed on the time; and, though I saw that he was anxious to see the child he loved united to some one who, in troublous times like these, might afford her protection if deprived of his supporting arm, yet I could never bring my mind to think of such an union with anything but abhorrence.

"The hour which bore my fate along with it was soon to come, however. It was on a bright and beautiful summer's day, and we had ridden forth to fly our hawks over the mountains—we encountered a train of travellers on horseback. The one who rode first, and alone, was a noble-looking man, not yet reached the middle age, but passed the first period of his youth. He might be three or four and thirty years of age; and exposure to the sun and storm had embrowned his countenance, while here and there a gray hair mingled with the dark black curls that fell upon his shoulders. He was tall and stately; and there was a stern gravity in his countenance, which spoke of much thought, if not of some care. He rode the horse that bore him, too—a fiery and powerful charger—with that ease and air of strength, which seemed to denote that the animal was but the creature of his will. In passing, he raised his hat as soon as he saw a woman was of the other party, and then turned his horse down the road that led towards the Villa Montaroni.

"Some carriages followed at a little distance behind; and one of our attendants, fancying he should thereby gratify a curiosity which it was below my father's dignity to express, asked one of the drivers, as we passed, to whom they belonged. The man replied, 'To the Count de Morney, who had ridden on before.' When my father heard the name, he instantly recognised it as that of a celebrated officer in the service of the French king, a man, famous alike for gallant daring and skillful generalship, and for that generous nobility of soul, which raises and elevates every cause, and dignifies every action. With this knowledge, my father determined to seek the acquaintance of our new neighbor; but, for some time, he sought it in vain. The count held no communion with any of the nobles round about. And it was quickly rumored, that bitter disappointments, proceeding from the ingratitude of the king, and the jealousy of a favorite, had rendered him morose and misanthropical. We pressed our friendship upon no one. The matter passed by, and was forgotten; so that the count might have lived amongst us as if he had not existed at all, had not, from day to day, some anecdote of his kindness and benevolence towards the peasantry, reached our ear, showing that it was not man that he hated, but only, perhaps, the great.

"I had ridden out in the autumn time, while my father was absent in Florence, accompanied by two of my women, and some grooms, both on horseback and on foot; and, I know not well why, I had taken my way over the sloping hills which lie close by the Villa Montaroni. On the heights above, there is a small shrine, with a fine picture of the Virgin, situated just where the woods sweep round from the higher parts of the mountain. I paused to look at the picture, and crossed myself. The attendants were a little way behind; and, at that very moment, a wolf darted out from behind the shrine, and sprang at my horse's throat. The servants galloped up, and the beast let go its hold and fled; but the horse, frightened and torn, became unmanageable, reared, plunged, and darted like lightning over the hill. The attendants followed at full speed; but the sound of their horses' feet only increased the furious galloping of my own. He approached the brink of the precipice which hangs over the river: in vain I tried to stop him: in vain I strove to turn him from the direction which he was taking! On, on he went, with the madness of terror; and, ere another minute had passed, my father's house would have been made desolate, when I saw some one, who had been lying reading under one of the trees, start up and cast himself in the way of the horse. It was the Count de Morney; and, in a moment, he had seized the animal by the bridle; but between him and the precipice there was not the space of two short paces. The horse still plunged on; and, during a momentary struggle, the life and death of all hung in the balance. With the strength of a giant, however, he overcame the furious power of the wild animal, reined him back upon his haunches, and caught me fainting in his arms. The moment his hand was off the bridle, the horse sprang up again and darted forward! Some days after, I had a frightful intimation of the fate which might have befallen myself, by beholding the noble beast lying crushed at the foot of the precipice, with the ravens feeding on his pampered flesh!

"I was immediately carried into the Villa Montaroni; and, when I recovered my senses, I found the count gazing with eager interest upon me. Words were too weak to express my gratitude at the moment; and he smiled and shook his head when I attempted to thank him.

"'I would have done the same,' he said, 'for the meanest boor in the land. Do you not think that I am well repaid in having done it for you?'

"I thought that smile on his grave, proud lip the most beautiful thing I had ever yet beheld in life. It was like a gleam of sunshine passing over the awful face of some high mountain, and I replied nothing; but I believe I gazed upon him somewhat intently, for he smiled again, and insisted upon my taking some wine, saying that he saw I was not yet well. As soon as I expressed a wish to go, he caused one of his carriages to convey me home; and the news of the accident I had met with was instantly carried to my father. He hastened up from Florence the next morning as rapidly as possible; but, before he arrived, the count had come to inquire after my health, and had remained with me long in conversation.

"Never shall I forget that interview! never will that conversation pass from my memory. It was something new, and strange, and delightful. And yet it may be difficult to explain in what consisted the extraordinary charm that so captivated me. He flattered me not; he did not even agree with me in many of my opinions; he addressed me not as those had addressed me who had come for the express purpose of pleasing and of winning; he spoke as one high mind might address another; as one noble heart, one rich, profuse imagination might converse with its equal. He remained with me more than an hour, and he left me in a dream, bewildered, astonished, enchanted.

"When my father came, I cast myself upon his bosom and wept; and he imagined that those tears proceeded from emotion at seeing him again, after so very nearly having been lost to him forever; but there were many, many new, strange, thrilling feelings mingled with those that called the drops into my eyes; and the day passed over in reveries. During a part of that day, my father left me to go and pay the tribute of thanks himself to the Count de Morney. He came back almost as much enchanted as his daughter.

"'He is, indeed, a glorious and extraordinary being,' he said; 'and now that we have broken through his ice reserve, we must not lose such society. It is too rarely to be found upon the earth.'

"But he himself was now no longer inclined that we should lose it either. Oh, Henry! happy had it been for thee hadst thou not suffered some girlish beauty to mislead thine understanding; happy had it been for thee hadst thou not suffered some graces, and some wild and not ungenerous feelings to lead thee to attribute to me virtues like thine own! Alas, alas! how little did I deserve that thou shouldst make me—me, all poor and unworthy—the jewel of a heart like thine!

"He came again the following day: he came every day. For us, he shook off his reserve; for us, he changed the course of conduct on which he had determined; for us, he left his solitude. I saw—and, oh! with what pride and joy did I see—that I was becoming unto him more than all others, that, at the sight of me, a lambent light; like that of dawn, rose up in his calm, melancholy eye; that, at one word from my tongue, the proud, resolute lip softened into a bland and radiant smile; that, in addressing me, the manly and eloquent voice would sometimes tremble, even with the energy of the heart which spoke! Oh, with what joy I saw that I was loved! And how did I love him in return? Can I describe it?—oh, never! I marked him as he moved, and every movement was grace; I listened to his words, and every sound was music; I leaned upon his arm, and the very touch was joy; I gazed into his eyes, and felt as if I looked into the gates of heaven!

"Deep, intense, overpowering, were the sensations that came upon me every day; and, I do believe, that had they been obliged to remain much longer unspoken, unrevealed, they would have destroyed me by their very intensity. They did nearly destroy me; for there came a time, long, long after he had fettered his heart to mine, and mine to his, by ties stronger than links of adamant, when he doubted, when he feared, when the newness of his feelings, of his situation, of his prospects, shook even the firm frame of his fixed and steadfast mind, and made him hesitate and waver and apprehend and struggle—vainly struggle, like a lion in toils that had been cast around him in his sleep—to escape from his spirit's thraldom in new and unwonted bonds. He remained away from me five whole days; and oh! who can tell the fiery torture of my heart during that long, long age of doubt and suspense and apprehension! He, perhaps, knew not what he felt; he, perhaps, knew not how deeply, how irretrievably our spirits were bound to each other; but I knew it, and I felt it all. I felt that I was his, and he was mine; and that whatever interposed between us, tore asunder the very bonds of life.

"On the morning of the sixth day, he came back. I was in the garden, and my ear caught the galloping of horses, I turned my head, but the olive and fig trees on the other side concealed one of the narrow country roads, that wound through the forest from the valley below. I asked myself why my heart should beat so vehemently at such an ordinary sound? but yet it did beat, so as to take away my breath, and my eyes remained fixed upon a spot where the white line of the low garden-wall glistened through the trees and shrubs upon the terrace below.

"The next minute, the sound of horses' feet ceased entirely, something darkened the light glistening of the garden-wall, a figure was seen moving through the trees, and I leaned against the column, for fear I should fall. He came onwards towards the great saloon, in which I usually sat during the morning; but as he mounted the steps from the terrace to the portico, his eye fell upon me, and he sprang forward. When within two steps of me, he paused suddenly, with a look of surprise and grief, exclaiming—'Laura! you are pale, you are ill! God of Heaven! what has changed you so?' and I knew that he loved me! I answered not, for I could not answer; I moved not, for I dared not move. In a moment he was at my feet, and exclaimed—'Tell me, tell me—is it possible that I have a share in this?'

"Still I answered not—and yet, someway, I must have answered; for his arms were round me in an instant, and my face was buried, blushing, in his bosom. The moment of ecstacy which I then felt, pressed to the heart of him I loved, panting with the certainty of being beloved in return—that moment of ecstacy, of wild, tumultuous, thoughtless, passionate joy, was worth all existence—was worth—oh! it was worth eternity itself! If so to feel, if so to thrill with delight that shook the very fabric of my being, can only be purchased by years of misery, such as I have since felt—still, still that one moment, that inestimable jewel of deep feeling, is worth the whole dross of life, and not too dearly bought by all the bitterest pangs that mortal frame can undergo.

"What followed next I hardly know; consciousness was lost; though, whether it was the turbulence of many joys, drowning, in their clamor for attention, all distinct thought; or whether it was that the sensation of happiness was too strong and overpowering for a frail, weak frame like this to endure more than a moment, I can hardly tell; but the next instant the passing of which I remember, found me no longer in the portico, but in the great saloon, to which his arms had borne me; he was bathing my temples with the essences that stood near; but he had called no one to his aid; and, when he saw that I could listen, he kneeled eagerly at my feet, and yet held his arms round me, as if come to plead humbly, but yet resolved to conquer.

"'Laura!' he said, 'Laura! beautiful and beloved! you have been ill; I see you have been both ill and grieved. And, oh! if I could hope—nay, I do hope—that that illness, that that grief, has sprung from my absence, how joy would triumph over sorrow! how grief, that thou hast suffered, would, in the selfishness of man's nature, yield to the rapture of knowing that I, that I, unworthy as I am, have the power to cause thee sorrow, and to create thy happiness!'

"I would have answered; and, perhaps, there is something so strong, either in woman's nature or her education, that I might have given a woman's answer; but he went on, and took from me all power of affecting anger.

"'Hear, my Laura,' he said, 'hear, my beloved! Thou mayest have thought that I have absented myself from thee—from thee whose presence has become the sunshine of my life, because I entertained one vulgar fear, or, doubt, or suspicion, that thou wert, as many another woman is, a gaudy, manufactured butterfly, set flying in its splendor by the mechanical wheels of custom, to flutter on a certain time in an allotted course, and then sink down into a cold, feelingless, motionless thing, only to be wound up to new exertion by the key of some new passion. Thou mayest have thought that, if I judged not thus, I suspected that it might be so; and that I strove to conquer the feelings which attracted me, spite of my better sense. If so, thou didst me wrong. Laura, during the last five terrible days, I have fled from thee, I have avoided thee, and, in solitude and in thought, I have striven to master myself—I have striven to master the love more powerful than myself; but it has been no doubt of thee that has caused the effort; it was no fear of what thou mightest prove. The doubt was of myself! I could not believe that I was worthy of such love as thine. The fear was of my own fate! I could not hope that fortune had in store for me such a treasure as the heart that speaks out there. Laura, Laura!' he added, pressing me closer to him, as he saw a smile, the first that had come across my agitated countenance, break forth at his tale of needless apprehensions. 'Laura, Laura! thou art mine! I see it in those eyes, that never spoke aught but truth; I see it on that lip, formed for love itself.'

"I replied not; but he needed no reply. He saw—he felt that he was beloved; and he went on: 'When I came hither from my

native land. I had determined to shut myself from my kind, to imprison all my sympathies within my own bosom, to live but for myself. Laura, I have been disappointed in bright expectations; and I had determined never again to build up the unstable fabric of hope on the visionary foundation of human virtue. Oh, Laura, Laura! never take away from me again the light of thy love, for the night would be tenfold more obscure, profound, and wretched.'

"As he spoke on, as he spoke boldly his own ardent and passionate affection, mine gained courage from his; my lips became untied by his eloquence; I owned I loved him; I let him see, I made him comprehend, how much. At length, long ere we expected it, there came the sound of horses, and my father entered the saloon.

"Henry rose, but he did not quit my hand; clasping it still in his, he led me forward, and laid his left upon my father's arm. 'Lord Marquess,' said he, 'I ask you for a gift; which, if you value it as I do, is more than if I asked you for a throne. Can you be the generous man to give it me?—your daughter's hand?'

"He spoke as in the tone of a prince, and I felt—oh, how I felt! at that moment, that, in his lordly nature, he was greater than any prince on earth. My eyes were cast down, and my lips were silent; but my father replied, 'Willingly will I give her to you, count; but upon one condition: she shall be your wife, but she must not cease to be my daughter; without her I cannot live; and you must not take her from my roof; you shall dwell here with her, and I shall gain a son.'

"'Willingly, willingly, will I dwell where she dwells,' replied the count. 'I had, my lord, cast off the world, and forsworn society for life, but she is now my world. She shall give me new life; and, if the baseness of others blackened human nature to my eyes, her virtues and her generous love may well render all fair and beautiful again.' He then, with a proud smile, as if he spoke in deference to common forms, which, while he yielded to them, he scorned, said some few words about his wealth and station, and that he brought to his alliance with the heiress of my father's house, a fortune not unequal to her own.

"But my father cut him short. 'I know it all, count,' he said. 'One of my wise friends, hearing that we knew and prized you, took pains to investigate the items of your fortune, and sent me a long schedule, of lands in Picardy, estates in Brie, castles and vineyards fair in Provence and Languedoc; which useful memorandum I folded carefully up, and transmitted to the fire; having but to tell you, count, that, did you come to seek my daughter with nothing but your glory-brightened sword, your high virtues, and your noble name, I would welcome you as gladly as I do now though you be the lord of many a fair and smiling land.'

* * * * * * * *

"We were married; and for three short months, so short that, if all life had passed like them, it would have seemed but as a flash of lightning, bright, never to be forgotten, but gone as soon as seen—for three short months I lived in one ecstatic dream of joy. I hung upon his looks, I fed upon his smiles. The beauty of all other things was forgotten, to gaze upon his graceful form, as it moved in majesty through my father's halls. The sound of his voice filled them with harmony, his eyes lighted them up, as if for a continual festival. Let not any one say, that, by nature, I was jealous. Oh, no! I have seen him, when surrounded by the bright and the lovely, bend over them with his proud smiling lip, and speak the words of graceful courtesy, without one pang, without one apprehension. I have seen beauty striving for his notice, and coquetry displaying all her arts, and have laughed in the haughty happiness of knowing him my own—in the calm, glad pride of feeling that his every thought, and wish, and emotion, were for me. Oh, no! I was not jealous by nature! I will not believe it! I do not think it. I hope it was not so! No, no! I was horribly, cruelly deceived!

"But let me onward. Those three months were all felicity. At the end of that time there came a rumor that the plague had again appeared in Florence; and all the neighboring nobles prepared to shut themselves within their dwellings, and avoid the contagion. I asked him what *he* intended to do? He said, 'In the first instance, I intend to go down to Florence, and ascertain the truth. Then,' he added, throwing his arms around me, 'then, my Laura, we must do our duty. Laura, can you make up your mind to go with me, amongst the wretched and the dying, to pour the healing draught upon the parched tongue of him, stricken by the pestilence, to soothe the dying hour, to smooth the couch of agony, to gaze upon livid torments that may be our own the next moment, and encounter at every step the lurid plague in its most frightful form?'

"'Henry,' I said, returning the embrace in which he held me; 'Henry, it may wake all the terrors of my mortal nature; it may shake the feeble limbs, and unnerve the woman's frame; but it shall not affect my heart. Whither thou goest will I go; the fate that thou encounterest will I encounter; I am thine, Henry, through life—thine unto death itself!'

"On his return from Florence, he somewhat calmed our apprehensions. The skillful had declared that the fever which then raged, though like the plague, was not the plague; but still it increased, still it spread through the country, still it approached nearer and nearer to our dwelling. The time came when our resolution was to be put to the proof. We went into the cottages, we visited the sick and the dying, we encountered many a fearful sight and many a horrible scene; but we felt a pride and a pleasure in so doing; we felt a joy in doing so together.

"At length, when the scourge was somewhat abated, we returned home one day, after riding out to gain the free air upon the mountains; it was the first relaxation we had known; but, when we came home, I saw that my husband's cheek was pale, and twice he put his hand to his brow. My heart throbbed terribly as I marked that gesture, and gazed upon that look. He passed the night in feverish tossing to and fro; and, by the next morning, the wild delirium of the sickness was upon him.

"I left not his bedside; I tended him night and day. With a heart thrilling with every motion of his fevered frame, I watched him, and with a love, oh! how deep—how intense—how terrible! Would I had not done so; would I had left him to the hands of the mercenary! But I could not do it, and I was fearfully rewarded! While the delirium was yet strong upon him, he spoke wildly of many things; and I saw that still his wandering mind turned back to the events of his past life. He gave his commands as in the battle; he addressed imaginary monarchs on the events of policy; he argued with old companions of sports long past away. Sometimes it was all clear and distinct, sometimes it was but wandering confusion. At length, I think it was on the morning of the fourth terrible day, he raved more vehemently than ever, and his words were fierce and angry. Dark and bitter reproaches hung upon his lip, and he poured forth many a cutting, many a sorrowful rebuke to some one, for lost honor, and dark ingratitude, and love but ill repaid. Then came a woman's name murmured in the tone of deep though sorrowing affection. He spoke it thrice; and the third time he called heaven to witness how nobly he had loved her! That name was not mine! and an assassin's dagger would have been mercy compared with that sound.

"He, then, had loved another! I was not the first choice of his heart; the first deep feelings of his bosom had been for another; she was still remembered—nay, perhaps, still loved! 'Oh, Marie, Marie!' he had cried, 'how truly, how nobly did I love thee!' and the sound rang in my ears forever! He had loved another! In the early spring of youth; in the green vigor of passion; in the fresh beauty of the heart's sweetest feelings, he had loved another! He might love me on better motives—he might love me wisely, nobly, well; he might love me with judgment as well as with passion! But what was all that to the fresh thoughtless ardor of his youth?

"Oh, God! how my heart did ache for many a long day, and many a weary night, after I had heard that name! And yet I strove to do what was right: I struggled hard to moderate my feelings, to crush out that memory from my thoughts, to be to him and to feel to him as if the treacherous delirium had never betrayed to me the treasured secret of his bosom. I struggled hard; and, luckily, the fever lasted some days longer ere he regained any degree of consciousness. My father attributed the sadness of my countenance to anxiety for my husband's life; the attendants thought I was wearing myself down to the grave with laboring to save him from it; but none knew the adder's fang that rankled in my heart. My father had been absent when those words were pronounced; and they had been spoken, not in our own sweet tongue, though he used it commonly like a native of the land, but in the language of his own country, which the servants understood not. The secret—the painful secret rested with me alone—the drop of poison fell upon the very heart which had no antidote.

"At length the crisis of the fever passed, and he began to tread back the path from the grave's gates to the bright land of life: but that illness had taken from him and from me that which no after time could restore. Not that I loved him less: oh, no, no! I loved him more—more deeply—more ardently than ever, because more painfully. But it had taken from him the bounding confidence with which my heart had always sprung to meet him, the free expansive torrent of all my thoughts and all my feelings poured unreserved into his bosom. From me it had taken the bright, happy, fearless certainty of being loved—of having been loved alone. The sky of our united being was no longer all bright; and the first time that he pressed me in his arms after that long illness, oh, how sadly, how bitterly, did I feel that there had come a change upon me!

"He recovered fully; and far from enfeebling, far from injuring him, the fever seemed to have left him more beautiful, more strong, more graceful than before. I tried to act, and think, and feel, as I had done before; but I could not do so altogether, though I succeeded in part; I was graver than I had been, a touch of melancholy would come upon me, and he remarked it. Then he would soothe me, and gaze upon me with a tenderness that could not be mistaken, and would accuse himself of having subjected me to scenes and duties too much for my gentle and compassionate nature. At other times, too, he would declare I had injured my health in tending him, and he would press me to his heart, and gaze into my eyes, and strive to repay me by deep devotion.

"Thus, he deceived himself as to the cause of the change he beheld; but there was one who saw more deeply, though he saw not yet aright. My father marked the sadness that had come over me; and often would I catch his eyes first fixed upon me with a look of inquiring thought, and then turn towards my husband, while a frown gathered on the brow above them. One day, too, when we were alone together, he took me in his arms, and gazing tenderly upon me, he said, 'Laura, my beloved child! thou art not so happy as thou deservedst to be. I doubt, I fear, that we have been both mistaken. Tell me, is thy husband such unto thee as thy father's heart could wish?' and as he spoke there came a flashing fury from his eyes, which showed how deep, how strong was that parental love which caused the question.

"I gazed on him in return for a moment, and I could have burst into tears, but I knew that to do so would only confirm suspicions which were false and groundless, and therefore I struggled to repress the drops that would have fain gushed forth. 'Laura,' he added, seeing that something strove within me and kept me silent, 'Laura, I adjure thee by a father's love, to tell me the truth! I have trusted him with a treasure such as none else could give; and, oh, if he abuse it, severely shall he reckon with me!'

"'Father,' I replied, 'never in life did I tell you a falsehood! and I tell you now, that he is all that is noble, and good, and kind—all that your heart could wish him. I may not be so well as I have been,' I added, wishing to avoid further questions; 'I may not be so well; and it is vain to deny that my sensations are not so cheerful; but it is mere sensation, for on my life, I do believe, that there is not anything on earth my husband would not do to make me happy.'

"Several weeks passed over. It was one bright evening in the midst of May, and my husband sat beside me in the portico, with his arm cast lightly round me; while my father, at a little distance, sat reading some tale of classic lore. We gazed over that beautiful valley, and our thoughts held unspoken communion on all the bright things before us.

"The convent opposite stood out upon the bright sky, with tower, and pinnacle, and wall, in clear dark masses, and not far below was seen, breaking the sweeps of forest, the graceful lines of the Villa Montaroni, which my husband still possessed, though he had ceased to inhabit it. Seldom have I beheld that beautiful scene look more lovely than at that moment, and, as with few words but many thoughts, we commented on its beauty, a calm but entrancing joy pervaded both our hearts, and came like balm, especially to mine.

"'Laura,' said my husband after a pause, 'it is a blessed thing, a sweet and blessed thing, that power of memory, which takes the poison out of painful things, and leaves the healed wound tender, but still closed. Were I to tell the story of my past life, I would choose such an evening, and such a scene as this.'

"'Let it be now, let it be now!' I exclaimed, clasping my hands eagerly.

"'Well, it shall be so, beloved,' he replied; 'there may be painful things in the history, but I have often thought to tell it to you; and I will tell you now.'

"At that very moment he was interrupted by one of the attendants, who came to inform him that a stranger at the gate desired to speak with him. He instantly bade the servant admit the person of whom he spoke; and a man was ushered in, clothed in somewhat rude and travel-soiled garments, and with a face burned by exposure to many a summer sun. His sudden appearance moved my husband as I had never seen him moved before. He first turned deadly pale, then red; laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and then, letting it go again, held up his finger to the stranger as if to enjoin silence. The next moment he addressed him in a tongue which I did not understand; and, going forth upon the terrace together, they continued long in vehement conversation. I saw my husband give the stranger gold; I saw him point, too, to the Villa Montaroni. They then walked down into the gardens below, and we could hear their voices conversing until night fell, and all was darkness: the stranger then departed, and my husband returned to the saloon; but he was agitated, absent, strange, and, after a few moments, painful to us both, he retired into his cabinet to write.

"I, too, was moved; I, too, was agitated; I, too, was full of agonizing thoughts and emotions, over which reason owned no control. Memory, which we had both thought so sweet, now acted the part of a torturing fiend. That name, that fatal name which he had pronounced in the ravings of the fever, rang in my ears forever. It banished sleep from my couch, peace from my heart; the silence of the night echoed it back upon me; the solitude of my own chamber became peopled with tearful images.

"It was long before my husband sought repose; and when he did so, he thought I slept, and spoke not to me. But I slept not, and the dawning of the morning appeared gray in the sky before I closed my eyes. Then weariness overpowered me, but when I woke my husband was gone. Rising, I called my women, and dressed myself hastily, sending one of the maidens to ask of his attendants where was the count? The reply was, that he had gone forth to hunt: but I felt and knew it was a falsehood!

"My heart throbbed as if it would have burst, my brain seemed on fire, I trembled in every limb; and the tirewoman who strove to fix my bracelets on, could scarcely clasp them for several minutes, so violently was my whole frame shaken. I knew not what to do—I knew not how to act. A thousand vague, wild projects rushed across my brain, and seemed ready to distract me. At one time I intended to go down to the Villa Montaroni instantly, and see if he were there; at another, I thought that I would send servants to follow the track of his horse's feet; at another, I determined to go and cast myself at my father's feet and tell him all—all my suspicions, all my jealousy, all my apprehensions: but then, I asked myself, what could I tell him? he had seen the stranger as well as I had; he had remarked my husband's conduct too. I strove to calm myself; I strove to reason against my passion: but what is reason against such feelings—against such madness as I then felt?

"At length, however, I became calm enough to go down into the saloon; my father was standing there, gazing from the window, and his brow was clouded too; but, though he gazed upon me long and earnestly, he took no notice of my paleness, my agitation—no, nor of my tears, for I could not repress them, and I wept. We took the morning meal together alone; and immediately after it was finished, he said to one of the attendants, 'Are my horses ready?'

"'Not yet, my lord,' replied the man: 'but there is old Anetta waiting without, earnestly seeking to speak with the Lady Laura.'

"At the very mention of any one seeking to speak with me at that moment, my heart fluttered as if it had been the annunciation of death; and, in a voice the man could scarcely hear, I bade him take the old woman to my apartments. She had been my nurse, and now lived in her son's house near the Convent of the Trinity. No sooner did she see me, than she came forward and kissed me; and, as I had no words to ask her errand, she burst forth without further inquiry, exclaiming, 'Alack, lady! alack, my dear child! we all did think that thou hadst got a husband, such as is not to be found in all the world; but, well-a-day! men have all their faults.'

"'What of my husband?' I gasped; 'tell me all at once! Use few words! be quick! be quick!'

"A moment of the rack must seem like many a livelong day; and that woman's tale, though she had little to tell, was to me a whole age of misery. A fair and beautiful lady,—such was the substance of her story,—had come on the evening before, and besought hospitality at the Convent of the Trinity. She had with her a young child and two servants, one of whom had instantly been despatched to our villa, and, on his return, had immediately removed his lady to the Villa Montaroni. She herself, she said, had passed by that place in the morning, and had beheld my husband enter the gardens where the lady was walking with her child; and, taking her in his arms, he had pressed her fondly to his bosom. I heard no more; but, starting up, I darted down the staircase, sought out my father, who was just preparing to mount his horse, and, falling at his feet, I told him all. He heard me without the slightest movement of surprise.

"'Laura,' he said, 'I knew the whole early this morning; and I am prepared, even now, to avenge you—to avenge you, both upon him who has slighted such a treasure as thou art, and upon his base paramour.'

"'Not upon him! not upon him! my father,' I cried, clasping his knees,—'not upon him! he is dearer to me than myself; but upon her,' I added, while all the fiends of hell seemed busy in my heart,—'but upon her if you so will; for she and your daughter cannot live upon the same earth together! I or she must die! But not upon him, my father, not upon him, if you would not lose your child!'

"He paused, but replied not; and I read in the stern determination of his face the fixed and fearful purpose of his heart. 'My father,' I cried, 'remember I am your own child, and can be as resolute as you are. Promise me—promise me that he shall go free from word or wound, from injury, or any attempt at injury whatsoever, or, here at your feet, you shall first see your own child's blood flow;' and, as I spoke, I snatched the dagger from his girdle.

"He promised me with an oath, and starting upon my feet, I cried, 'Go; but, oh! be not long ere you return to me, lest I should go distracted.'

"He sprang upon his horse, and rode away. I heard the sound of the gates open to give him exit; I heard the sound of horses' feet galloping down into the valley; and then I fell at once, like a dead being, on the pavement of the saloon.

"They carried me into my husband's dressing-room, but it was long, it seems, ere they could bring me to myself; and a sick faintness still hung upon me, which oppressed and kept down the fiery passions of my heart. As I thus lay in their arms, and gazed languidly around, a large packet of writing, lying on the table, caught my eye, and I moved my hand towards it. One of the women brought it me instantly. It was in my husband's handwriting, and addressed to myself. With frantic eagerness I tore it open, and read. 'Laura, my beloved,' it began, 'I was about to tell thee my sad history, when we were interrupted; but it becomes imperatively necessary for me to do so now, as the fate of your husband is more or less bound up with that of an unhappy being who is now within less than a mile of our dwelling. Although her sad errors have for three years banished her from the bosom of that brother to whose affection she now flies once more for protection and support—'

"'Her brother!' I muttered, 'her brother!'—and vague, horrible, dreadful anticipations began to gather round my heart. My eye glanced on, and I read,—'My only sister, Marie, of whom I speak, is much younger than myself.'

"'His sister!' I cried, starting up, with a loud shriek,—'oh, God! oh, God! what have I done? Fly, fly!' I continued, turning to the women, 'send out horsemen after the marquis! Quick, quick, to Montaroni! Tell him we have been in error! Bid him return, and save me from madness! Fly! Why do you linger?' They all quitted me to obey, except one girl, born in the country, who said, 'Lady, there is the shorter way by the gardens and orchards. Shall I go on foot? I shall be there long before the horsemen.'

"'I will go myself,' I said, starting up,—'I will go myself!' and, darting down to the saloon, followed only by the girl, Juditha, I passed down by the terraces and gardens in an agony of mind that is madness even to remember. I flew rather than walked through the long rows of vines and fig-trees, till I reached the walls of the garden of Montaroni. There was one door immediately before me, and one at the bottom of the slope, leading, by steps within the walls, to the terrace above. I tried the first, but it was locked. There were voices, too, of people speaking on the terrace; one was using tones of supplication, the other replied but little.

"I shook the door vehemently, calling aloud for admittance; but no one answered, and I ran down to the other door. As I laid my hand upon the lock, there was a loud, ringing shriek, as from a woman's lips; but the door gave way to my hand, and I entered. At the foot of the steps stood my father, with his face as pale as death, and his sword drawn in his hand.

"'Laura!' he exclaimed, 'you here? It is done! it is done, my child! We were obliged to watch till he left her, that I might keep my promise, and not include him in our vengeance! But it is done! See, there comes Pietro, with the dagger in his hand!'

"My only reply was a deep groan; but, darting past my father and the man who had done the actual deed, I ran up to the terrace, and there, amongst the orange trees, beside the fountain, I found her lying drenched in gore. Unhappy Marie de Morney! There she lay, with the rich clusters of her beautiful hair falling on that fair bosom, from which was pouring forth the stream of life. The assassin had struck her skillfully—unto the very heart!—and death—cold, gray death—was seen in every feature and in every hue. I stood and gazed as one turned to marble. It had a strange power in it, that awful sight, to fix me there immovable. My father called me eagerly, but in vain; I moved not. The girl, Juditha, who followed pale and trembling, tried to draw me away; but she had not power. But, a minute after, came a sound the most fearful on earth to my ear—once the most musical! It was my husband's voice; and I could have sunk into the earth. He was impeded by my father's servants, who had possession of the house; and I could hear him cry 'Let go; or, as there is a God in Heaven, I will cleave you to the earth!'

"There was time to fly, but I had no power; and I stood by the side of the dead, as motionless and pale. The next moment he was before me; and, oh, God! the angry horror of that one look he gave me will never, never pass away from my eyes. He looked upon the corpse of his sister, and he looked upon me, and, drawing his dagger from his side, he held the hilt towards me, saying, with the slow, low-toned words of intense passion,—'Lady, you cannot yet be sated. A woman's blood cannot be enough for one of your high race; take the brother's also—his bosom is bare before you?'

"I could not answer—my tongue was palsied; my brain produced no thought but agony; all that I had beyond a statue was consciousness; all I could do was to clasp my hands, and look in his face, imploring mercy. But at that moment my father and the assassin mounted the steps. The sound of people coming from the house was also heard, and my husband gave a sharp look behind him; another at me, and at the corpse. A sudden flash of frenzied agony came across his countenance, and he struck the dagger into his own bosom.

"Then the spell was broken: then, then I found motion and a tongue; but it was loudly to call for help, it was to rend the air with my shrieks, it was to fall at his feet—for he still stood firm—and wildly, madly to beseech him to live, to live to save me from distraction. But a calm and awful tranquility had come over his noble face.

"'Laura,' he said, 'I am dying; and well it is that I am so; for did I live, I must live to punish and avenge. Why you have done this deed,' he continued, more faintly, 'I know not. But yet, take off your hands, I must not be touched by a hand stained with the blood of my sister.'

"'Your sister!' cried my father, who had now come up; 'your sister! Tread upon me! tread upon me!' he exclaimed, casting himself at the count's feet. 'We have murdered the innocent!'

"Still, too, I clasped his knees, I besought him not to spurn me from him, and, with wild and vehement words, I told him how I had been deceived. He listened to me, though by the ashy paleness that was coming over his face, I could see the approach of the angel of destruction; but still he listened to me; and a smile—a bright and beautiful smile, the last, the loveliest—came upon his lip, as if it pleased him to hear anything that could palliate my crime. He laid his hand upon my head, as I knelt before him. 'Poor child!' he said, 'if it be so, thou art far more to be pitied than she is;' and he pointed to his sister. 'She died when, deeply penitent for one sad error, she was about to bury the memory of her shame in the shade of the cloister, and to dedicate her future days to ask pardon of our God: whilst thou must live on, unhappy girl, to all the bitter pangs of memory. Kneel not there, my lord, he continued, addressing my father, 'kneel not there; it becomes thee not! But lend me your aid to yonder seat, for I feel that my strength is failing fast.'

"A number of the servants had gathered round, and they partly supported, partly bore him towards the seat to which he pointed. The motion made the blood stream down from his bosom, and I thought I should have gone distracted as I saw it flow.

"'Where is the child?' he said at length, when he was seated; 'where is the child?' And they brought him immediately a beautiful and smiling infant, which he pressed to his gory bosom. 'Poor orphan!' he said, as it played with the golden tassels of his cloak. 'Poor orphan! fruit of an ungrateful monarch's baseness, and a woman's weakness—I leave thee in this dark, cold world, alone. Yet witness, all here present, that I bequeath unto this child everything that I possess in Italy. My lands beyond the Alps must go, of right, to others; but to him I give all that I have here. And, if there be one good soul who to this poor child will act a father's part—will breed him up in faith and honor, truth and virtue—the blessing of God, and of a dying man, fall on him! But, oh! above all things, let them teach him confidence in virtue, trust in friendship, faith in love; for suspicion, accursed suspicion! is even more deceitful than the basest hypocrite on earth. Let some one take the child, for I am faint!'

"He paused a moment, and I knelt at his feet; for the words that he had spoken to the child had made me weep, and those tears had relieved my brain. I knelt, then, at his feet, and looked up towards his face, to see if he would but notice me again. His eyes closed for a moment, and his lips murmured a prayer. He then looked down upon me, and said, 'Laura, I pardon thee! God, too, I trust, will pardon thee; but I fear thou wilt never pardon thyself. Yet, for this last moment of my life, come once more to my arms! Sit here beside me; let me lean my head upon thy bosom. Oh, Laura! couldst thou but tell how I have loved thee—how solely and alone—thou wouldst never have doubted. I never loved but thee; I loved thee as woman was never loved! I love thee even now!'

I felt his head, as it rested upon my bosom, weigh heavily upon me; but yet I would not move, nor could I speak; but I sat and wept, and my tears fell amongst the curls of his hair. A moment after, a priest entered the garden, having heard that some one was dying; and, advancing at once towards us, he gazed upon my husband.

"'Art thou yet amongst the living, my son?' he said.

"There was no answer.

"'Daughter,' continued the priest, 'thy bosom is not the grave; let it give up the dead to the mansions of the dead. The spirit has departed!'

"They took him from my bosom; but yet I clung to him. I could not, I would not believe that all was at an end; that hope, happiness, peace, innocence, were all lost in an hour; that jealousy, by one dark blow, had brought every blessing of existence to an end at once. They held me back, and they tore him away. What happened then, I know not, for there is a lapse in memory of many a day. I believe those days were filled with madness, though no one has ever told me so; but when I came to remembrance again, I was here, in one of the cells of this very convent; and the abbess, in whose veins flowed the same blood as in my own, was sitting beside me, watching me. When some vigor returned to my weakened frame, and I asked fearful questions concerning the past, she told me that there was a strange and awful tale abroad concerning the death of my husband, and of a lady supposed to be his sister, at the Villa Montaroni. Her words drove me mad again, and I raved of all that had taken place: but now I knew that I was raving; I felt that my words were wild, incoherent and dangerous, though I had no power to check them. But that power soon returned; and when I asked more questions, the answers were more cautious. I found that my father had left the land, and was warring with some foreign army. His power and high name had crushed inquiry, in a land where the arm of the law is weak and negligent. But still there were strange rumors. The tale was magnified; his share in those sad deeds misrepresented: and now, after twenty years of unavailing sorrow, and of penitence and prayer more efficacious, if there be truth in promises of mercy, I have sat down to and accomplished the terrible task of telling my own sad history. It is a part of my punishment to do so; for I would not that my father's wounded name should bear all the dull, dim stains that men now cast upon it.

"It is over, and my heart feels lighter that it is done; for, though darkness and sorrow are yet my portion, a ray of hope from heaven—a foretaste of mercy from above—comes to calm and tranquilize my spirit. May the time be shortened; may the days be rendered brief; may this weary life soon come to its close, and the frail body rest in that dark mansion where already lie that father whose only crime on earth was committed out of love for me, and that husband whom I loved even to madness."

☞ There are thirty-eight pyramids in number altogether—some having been originally built of stone, and others of brick; and they all stand in the Libyan Desert, on the western side, and above the level of the Nile Valley. Many of them are in a very ruinous condition; and one unfortunate monument in the list, Pyramid I, of Saccara, is marked "rubbish only."

☞ A shocking trade—Making electric machines.

☞ A popular dance for the milkmen—The can-can.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871.

Hints to Parents.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

Sleep.

Good scholars need more sleep than they are inclined to take. The interest in lessons, the increased activity of the brain, makes them wakeful, and often the more they need sleep, the less able are they to find "the dominions of the drowsy gods."

In the majority of our large schools I find the hour of retiring to be ten o'clock, and of rising at six o'clock. This will do for some, but the younger and more sensitive need from nine to seven in winter, and *from* nine to six in summer. I would give them an hour longer during the long nights, because at best, students study more by artificial light than their eyes can well endure. In cold weather they are more inclined to keep close to books, less inclined to out-door exercise, and hence are better off in bed cold mornings than anywhere else. The indications of all nature are that at this season we should sleep up, rest up, and be ready for summer gayeties. But in modern days, between bright lights, gay colors, lectures, concerts, and parties of varying brilliancy, the brain and optic nerve are over stimulated, and summer finds too many of our young ladies, whether in school, or in social life, in need of summer restoratives, such as the sea-side, the mountains, and mineral springs afford. Students do not get as much sleep as their hours in bed seem to indicate. If they have studied closely and to advantage in the evening, it takes some time to arrest the mental action, to cool off head-wise, so to speak. Intellectual activity makes them dislike to retire at night, and brain weariness makes them dread to rise in the morning, and they get up *feeling wretched* and as if they *never did* and *never could* learn anything. Hence, while they might retire before the required time, they do not want to, and would not get any sleep if they did, while the school world in which they are so much interested is all astir. When once asleep, they go on until a late hour if not called by duty, as is shown by the many who sleep over the breakfast hour, and go without that meal if not obliged to rise at an early hour for morning prayers. Instead of giving a general permission to retire early, and requiring all to rise early, we would reverse the order, and require all to retire early, and let them rise when they had slept all they wanted to.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE FOR UNSCIENTIFIC PEOPLE. A Series of Detached Essays, Lectures, and Reviews. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL. D, F. R. S., author of "Heat as a Mode of Motion," "Lectures on Sound," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. We think we have never read more fascinating papers upon scientific subjects than these are. All dry, difficult words and terms, so puzzling to the common reader, are dispensed with, and the matters treated of are those which are just now exciting most interest in thinking minds. Such books as these create a love for science.

THE PHYSICAL CAUSE OF THE DEATH OF CHRIST, AND ITS RELATION TO THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF CHRISTIANITY. By WILLIAM STROUD, M. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. A book which will be read with a great deal of interest by many Christians.

A Medical Miser.

An anecdote is told of Velpeau, the eminent French surgeon, who was a miserly, disagreeable man, and died a few years ago. He had successfully performed on a little child, five years old, a most perilous operation. The mother came to him and said, "Monsieur, my son is saved, and I really know not how to express my gratitude; allow me, however, to present you with this pocket-book, embroidered by my own hands." "Oh, madame," replied Velpeau, sharply, "my art is not merely a question of feeling. My life has its requirements, like yours. Dress, even, which is a luxury to you, is necessary for me. Allow me, therefore, to refuse your charming little present, in exchange for a more substantial remuneration." "But, Monsieur, what remuneration do you desire? Fix the fee yourself." "Five thousand francs, madame." The lady very quietly opened the pocket-book, which contained ten thousand franc notes, counted out five, and after politely handing them over to Velpeau, retired. Imagine his feelings!

A WARNING TO EDITORS.—A Peekskill paper has received the following admonition: "Mr. Editur—What did you print my family matters in yur paper for it is none yur biziness if my wife did hav twins I pays for them and youl get your head punched you had best tend to yer own biziness.

"J. P."

☞ Great applause has been bestowed upon Rubens, because, with one stroke of his brush, he turned a laughing child to a crying one; but many a parent has turned a child's expression from joy to grief by a single stroke without getting any credit for it.

☞ A Woman's Right's Cooking Stove' is announced out West.

☞ A new German cantatrice has come out in Berlin who weighs 375.

☞ A notice of a peal—Lightning.

☞ Fortune-tellers—Bank clerks.

☞ New York belles pay accomplished poodle nurses five dollars a week.

☞ A MODEL MODEL.—(The artist is rather shy, and has left his model to do the honors of his studio.) "From whom did Mr. M'Gilp paint that head?" "From yours obediently, madam. I sit for the 'eds of all 'is 'oly men." "He must find you a very useful person." "Yes, madam. I order his frames, stretch his canvasses, wash his brushes, set his palette, and mix his colors. All *he's* got to do is just to *shove 'em on!*"

☞ Tastes differ. A whimsical old gentleman of this city insists upon eating molasses on his strawberries.

☞ Used up—The lightning-rod.

☞ Parental acres—the old man's corns.

☞ When a woman commits suicide in New York, the reporters perpetrate headlines about "A beautiful woman forcing the portals of the unknown world."

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELLA WHEELER.

About twenty-five years ago there lived a man in the city of Milwaukee, Stephen Dekatur by name, a miller by trade. A well-to-do man, with a wife and two children, Ellen, a girl of eighteen or thereabouts, and Albert, a young man of twenty.

Albert Dekatur was a youth of remarkable personal beauty, being a trifle above the medium height, and as graceful and athletic as an Apollo. His eyes were bluer than the autumn skies, his cheeks glowed with a color that many a belle envied, his features were delicate, yet not effeminate, and his soft chestnut locks curled in crisp rings about his snowy brow. Albert Dekatur was the life of the society in which he moved, and was beloved by all who knew him. His ready wit, his exhaustless flow of spirits, his rare conversational powers, and his noble traits of character made him a favorite with all, and won his entrance into a circle from which he would otherwise have been debarred by his birth and station. But though Albert Dekatur did not seek for admittance at the gate of the aristocratic circle, though he seemed well contented with the companions and associates of his youth, his beauty of mind and person, his rare social and mental qualifications fitted him for any society, and almost unconsciously he found himself a welcome guest in homes of the wealthy and aristocratic. And as rumor had it, the daughter of Leon Harding, the most lovely and accomplished maiden in the city, looked upon Albert Dekatur with favor, and gave such encouragement to his suit as she had never given to any one of her numerous suitors before.

Flora Harding was a sweet, gentle, delicately nurtured girl of eighteen, with large dark eyes, flowing dark hair, and a face of spirituelle loveliness. She was the only child of indulgent parents, who had lost three infant daughters before her, and as a consequence this lamb that was spared to them was the idol of their hearts. Her delicately organized constitution and her almost unearthly beauty were a source of unspoken fear to both parents and friends, for she seemed too frail and lovely to buffet the rough winds of earth. But she grew from childhood to womanhood, and the glow upon her cheek and the light in her eye told of health and happiness. Many a heart and fortune had been laid at Flora Harding's feet, but she had refused them all, gently yet firmly. "Do not marry a man whom you cannot love and respect, though he possesses the riches of Crœsus," were the oft-repeated words of Flora's parents, and the daughter had grown to think of her future husband as a man whom she should love, honor and respect above all others, and not as of one who was to clothe her in purple and fine linen, buy her jewels and ornaments, and give her a home of splendor.

She seemed to have left the matter of dollars and cents entirely out of the question; and so when she met with Albert Dekatur, when he became a guest at her home, and she grew to listen for his step and to flush at the sound of his voice, she felt no fear of her parents' disapproval, and did not rebuke him when he held her hand in a lingering pressure or looked in her eyes with a glance of unmistakable love and affection. But though the world at large looked upon them as betrothed lovers, no word of love had passed Albert Dekatur's lips: though his eyes had said "I love you" a thousand times, his lips remained sealed upon the subject nearest to his heart. Yet Flora Harding knew that she was beloved, and did not endeavor to conceal the answering love in her heart.

Among the young men with whom Albert Dekatur was "hale fellow well met," was one Edwin St. James, a young man of wealth and position, who was several years older than Albert, but was his most intimate friend, and as he often expressed it, "he loved him as a brother."

Edwin St. James bore a spotless reputation, and was much esteemed by all who knew him, yet his face was the face of a crafty villain. So thought Flora Harding the first time she looked in his eyes and touched his hand. And no after acquaintance could dispel the strange, repellant feeling which stole over her at his approach, or at the glance of his gray eyes. Flora never spoke her feelings about this man, or made known her distrust of him; but when others praised him, she remained silent, for she could not join with them. He was a tall, finely built man, with silken black hair, a dark olive complexion, and light gray eyes of a peculiar gleaming hue, that were in strange contrast with his dark hair and skin. He was polished and refined in manner, and his soft, persuasive voice fell in beautifully modulated tones upon the ear. He had gained a strong hold upon the friendship and affection of Albert Dekatur, and the two were almost constantly together.

This was a source of daily annoyance to Flora Harding, yet she knew she had no grounds for her strange dislike of this man, and she could not speak to Albert upon the subject without seeming unreasonable. Once she had said to him,

"I wonder what you find so agreeable in the society of Edwin St. James. It seems to me you might find a better companion."

And Albert had looked at her in surprise and answered warmly:

"Edwin St. James is one of the truest friends I have in this world. He is a noble man, and I am warmly attached to him."

One warm day in early spring, as Albert Dekatur and Edwin St. James were walking down what is now East Water street, they were hailed by a man whom they supposed hundreds of miles away. Both stopped and gazed at the new comer—Charles Waldo—in speechless astonishment.

"Where on earth did you come from?" at length ejaculated Albert.

"Which of those clouds sailing over our heads did you drop from?" laughed Edwin, as he shook the man's extended hand.

"Not from either to-day," rejoined Mr. Waldo. "I have been in the city forty-eight hours, and had just started out to hunt you up."

"But I thought you in California?"

"So I was, until four months ago, when I set out on a home visit with two chums. We came into Milwaukee two days ago."

"Then you have not come to stay?" Albert said.

"Stay! No, indeed; not unless I want to become a poor, penniless wretch, as I was before I went to California, the golden land of promise, and as I am far from being now. I tell you what, old fellows, that is the place for a man to get riches. I went there with a few hundred dollars in my pocket, and I now possess twenty thousand in gold."

"But how did you make it all? dig it from the mines?" queried Albert, much interested.

"Oh, no! I have not been mining at all," answered Waldo. "I made it by speculating; and you can do the same, if you choose to go there. I return in April—and wish both you and Ed would accompany me. What do you say?"

Edwin St. James shook his head.

"Don't think 'twould pay me to go," he answered. "I have all the money I want for my actual needs, and manage to get along very comfortably. And I really do not care to take that tedious and perilous journey again. I was in California several years ago, and do not fancy repeating the hardships and dangers that I encountered."

"And I say yes!" cried Albert. "What do I care for dangers and hardships, if I can make a fortune! But tell me honestly, Waldo—do you think I could be the possessor of twenty thousand, in three years from now, if I were to return with you."

"If you exercised a particle of discretion, kept your wits about you, didn't drink, or gamble your money away, by investing a few hundred dollars in live stock, and managing the thing wisely, you could show thirty thousand at the end of three years, I have no doubt. Speculating in live stock is a paying business, and I mean to make a pile before I get through."

"Then you may count on my accompanying you upon your return," declared Albert, emphatically. "Money I must and will have, before three years go by; and I have for some weeks contemplated emigrating to some more fertile region than this. I will go with you, Waldo, next month."

"And leave the fair Flora to pine away during your absence, or to be plucked by another hand?" Edwin St. James said, in a low voice, audible only to Albert's ears.

Albert's fair face flushed and his eyes sparkled with something like anger.

"That is an affair which concerns only myself and the lady in question," he said, quietly.

But St. James knew that he had annoyed his friend, as he had never done before.

"Don't be offended by my raillery, old boy," he said, "for you know I did not mean it. Miss Flora is the soul of truth and honor, and no doubt will close her ears to all love-pleas during your absence. I wish you success both in your love-making and in your money-making."

Albert made no response, and a few moments later the three men separated.

Flora Harding had not seen Albert Dekatur for nearly a week, when he was shown into her presence one murky evening in March. She held out her hand with a pleased word of welcome.

"You are almost a stranger," she said, reprovingly. "I had begun to wonder if you were out of town, it is so long since I have seen you."

Albert kept the hand she had given him clasped in both of his, as he answered her slowly—

"I have not been out of town—but I have been making the preparations for my departure. I start for California three weeks from to-day, to be absent some years."

An almost deathly pallor shot across Flora's face at this unexpected announcement, and she trembled with uncontrollable emotion, as she strove in vain to keep back the tears that sprang into her eyes. For one moment Albert gazed upon her, and then he put his arm about her and drew her to his breast.

"My darling," he whispered, his voice shaken with emotion, "I did not mean to speak my love to you until I returned with a fortune to lay at *your* feet. But I must say it—I love you, I love you."

She put her arms about his neck, and lifted her dark eyes to his face.

"And what do you think I care for wealth or fortune, if *you* love me," she said.

He stroked her dark waves of hair, tenderly.

"But I could not ask you to share my lot in life, unless I could offer you as good a home as the one you would leave. You have been tenderly nurtured—and God knows I would not lay the burden of poverty upon your frail shoulders. I am going to the golden land of promise; I shall make a fortune there, I know I shall—and in three years I shall return. Can I, dare I hope that you will be my wife, when I come back?"

"I will wait for you if it is *ten* years," she said, solemnly. "I will wait and watch, and live for you, and you alone; and when you come back, I will be your wife."

Three weeks later, Albert Dekatur set out upon the long and perilous journey, in company with half-a-dozen men, who had become eager for the land that Charles Waldo painted in such glowing colors.

They were a merry company, as they journeyed on—and Albert Dekatur was the life of the crew, amusing and entertaining all with story, laugh, and song.

There are people living to-day, who can remember hearing his gay voice singing a merry song, and seeing his handsome face as he leaned from the great covered vehicle, or ran at its side, as the company set out anew from a little village in Rock county, where they passed one night, early in their journey. And they speak the name of Albert Dekatur tenderly and sadly, though they saw him but a few hours or a few moments, as he passed on his way, so full of joyous life and mirth.

Early in September, the company reached the goal of their hopes, golden California; the long, tedious journey was accomplished after many hindrances, perils, and adventures.

"But I am here, and already engaged in business," he wrote home a few weeks later. "The prospect is bright; and I see no reason why I should not become a rich man in a few years. My health was never better; and I am in good spirits."

How long the months were to Flora Harding. How slowly they seemed to pass away. She went but little into society, made and received but few calls or visits, and seemed to take delight in nothing but reading and answering Albert's long but infrequent letters, and in gazing upon his picture, or hearing him talked of. Her parents vainly endeavored to dissuade her from this course, which was injurious both to mind and body.

"Go into society," they said, "make new acquaintances, visit new places, and the time will not seem half as long to you. We are sure Albert would not commend your course, if he knew of it."

"Oh, father—mother, please do not urge me to do what I have no heart to do," she would cry. "I cannot enjoy the society of any of my acquaintances, for my heart is not with them. I have no desire to go out among people, and I pray you let me stay here, quietly in my home, where are the only people in the world whom I care for, save one."

But Edwin St. James was a frequent guest in her home. How he became so she could not tell, but he had won his way into the good graces of her parents, and by a thousand delicate little attentions sought to gain her friendship. She did thaw toward him, after a time, and her strange and nameless repugnance to him seemed to fade away. Perhaps it was because he talked so much, and spoke so highly of Albert that she grew to look upon him with eyes of friendship at last. She did not strive to conceal her great and all-absorbing love for Albert, and her engagement was well known. So three years passed away, and one day in May Flora received a letter from her betrothed.

"I start for home next June," he wrote, "and you may look for me by October, if not sooner. I have made a very snug little fortune, in one way and another, and shall not hesitate to take you from your home to the one I am able to provide for you. Oh, my darling, I can scarcely believe that I am to see you again in a few months."

But golden October came, and Flora Harding was still watching and waiting. And November came, and still no word from Albert Dekatur, until one morning upon the street she met a girl friend who saluted her with a merry laugh, and "So, Miss Flora, your suspense is ended at length, is it? and your lover has come back. When is the wedding to be, and mayn't I be bridesmaid?"

"Why what do you mean?" Flora questioned, paling. "I do not understand you."

"Has not Albert Dekatur returned?" asked her friend, now in turn surprised.

"I have seen nothing of him, and have not heard of his return," Flora answered.

"But I have!" exclaimed her friend. "Brother John came home night before last and said he had seen Albert Dekatur on the street; he did not speak to him, but knew him the moment he saw him walking rapidly down an opposite street. I said I was so glad for Flora's sake; and I have waited expectantly to hear others speak of him or to see him, but have heard or seen nothing since to corroborate John's statement, but of course supposed it to be true."

Flora walked homeward in a strange state of excitement. Her parents listened to her story, and assured her that her friend's brother must have been mistaken or he would have been to see her before that time. His parents during the years he had been away had left the city, and moved out upon a farm a score of miles from Milwaukee.

"Perhaps he has gone out to his parents," the mother remarked after a painful silence.

"Oh, he would not leave the city without even calling upon me, I know," cried Flora, "but I will hope that he may come to-day."

But Albert Dekatur did not come. Edwin St. James came, and when he had heard Flora's story he begged to see her parents alone; and then he informed them that he had received intelligence of Albert Dekatur's death. He was drowned while endeavoring to cross a swollen stream the very day before he was to start homeward.

"I have received a letter from an acquaintance of Albert's," he said, "William Lathrop by name, and I have one for Miss Flora, which is evidently written by the same hand, and no doubt bears the same intelligence. I shall to-morrow go out to the farm where his parents reside and endeavor to find out what they know of him."

A few days later Edwin St. James again presented himself at the Harding mansion, and informed its inmates that Albert Dekatur's parents had received intelligence of his death by drowning upon the first day of June while attempting to cross a swollen stream.

"But I will not believe it!" cried Flora, vehemently. "He was seen in the streets of Milwaukee last week, and he did not die in California." And no reasoning or arguing could convince her that the letters spoke the truth.

Months passed away, yet Flora Harding watched and waited. She addressed letters to "William Lathrop," but received no reply. She then wrote to Charles Waldo, asking who William Lathrop was, and stating the contents of his letter. To this she received a reply. Charles Waldo had never heard of a man by the name of William Lathrop, and did not know of any such person. He had seen Albert Dekatur on the first day of June in the city of San Francisco, and he had told him that he was to set out on his homeward journey the following day. That was all he knew.

"I knew it, I knew he was not drowned in California," cried Flora. "There is foul play *somewhere*, and I *must* find where it lies."

But all Flora Harding's efforts to discover the fate of her lover proved futile.

Edwin St. James endeavored to win her hand in marriage, but she repulsed him and accused him of treachery and falsehood. Again and again he renewed his suit, and endeavored to gain her affection; but she refused to speak or recognize him when they met at length, and he relinquished his hopes, and a few years after was detected in counterfeiting and died in prison. But nothing to this day has been discovered relating to the strange disappearance of Albert Dekatur. What became of him? Was he drowned in California? Was he killed, or did he die upon the journey home? Did he reach Milwaukee, and was he assassinated by Edwin St. James or his hired butchers? And if so, what was done with his body? To this day these are unanswered questions; and in vain endeavors to solve the dark mystery that surrounds his fate, Flora Harding died. Died with his name upon her lips, and passed into that land where all mysteries are explained, and where the parted are eternally united.

☞ In England a black stove-pipe hat is indispensable, if one would be regarded as respectable.

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A Chapter of Facts.

Space is valuable in a newspaper, and it is therefore proposed in this advertisement to condense a variety of facts, important to the public, into a small compass. These facts refer to HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—what that celebrated medicine is, and what it will do. In the first place, then, the article is a stimulant, tonic and alterative, consisting of a combination of an absolutely pure spirituous agent with the most valuable medicinal vegetable substances that Botanic research has placed at the disposal of the chemist and the physician. These ingredients are compounded with great care, and in such proportions as to produce a preparation which invigorates without exciting the general system, and tones, regulates and controls the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the minor secretive organs.

What this great restorative will do must be gathered from what it has done. The case of dyspepsia, or any other form of indigestion, in which it has been persistently administered without effecting a radical cure, is yet to be heard from, and the same may be said of bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental disabilities to which the feeble are so subject. It purifies all the fluids of the body, including the blood, and the gentle stimulus which it imparts to the nervous system is not succeeded by the slightest reaction. This is a chapter of facts which readers, for their own sakes, should mark and remember. jn2-4t

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Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make a lady of 35 look as if she were but 18. It gives the complexion a lively, pearl-like appearance, exceedingly beautiful, and perfectly natural. It removes Pimples, Sunburn, Moth-patches Ring-marks, Sallowness, &c., and in a very few weeks changes the rustic face into one of culture and refinement. Any lady who wishes to be pleased with herself and to please others will certainly use this article. Then dress your hair with Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon, and the two attractions—the complexion and the hair—are perfect. The Kathairon stimulates the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out and turning grey, and is the best hair dressing in the world. All Druggists keep these articles may30 4t

Plantation Bitters as an Appetizer.

Want of appetite is a sure sign that the stomach is out of order. All persons in perfect health relish their food, and it may be regarded as a rule to which there are no exceptions, that individuals who are never hungry cannot be entirely well. To eat without enjoyment is a penance, and sustenance taken into the stomach against the inclination does not nourish the system as it ought to do. The best-known remedy for a distaste or disinclination for food is PLANTATION BITTERS. A wine-glassful taken half an hour before breakfast, dinner, or supper, quickens the flow of the gastric juice, and thereby provokes hunger—for the palate sympathizes with the stomach. Nor can the appetite thus created be called a false appetite—for it is the legitimate consequence of a new energy imparted to the digestive organs by this wholesome medicated stimulant.

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IF YOU desire a mild, pleasant, safe and agreeable Cathartic, which will cause neither nausea or griping pains, use Nature's Remedy, HELMBOLD'S GRAPE PILLS. They are purely vegetable; their component parts being Catawba "Grape Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb." Should you desire a brilliant complexion, youthful appearance, new life, new fresh blood, and renewed vigor, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

THE BALLAD OF ELEANORE.

We need hardly remind our readers of the crosses erected by King Edward I. wherever his wife's corpse stopped on its way to interment at Westminster.

Oh, fairer than vermillion
 Shed upon western skies,
Was the blush of that sweet Castilian
 Girl with the deep brown eyes—
As her happy heart grew firmer,
 In the strange bright days of yore,
When she heard young Edward murmur
 "I love thee, Eleanore!"

Sweeter than musical cadence
 Of the wind 'mid cedar and lime,
Is love to a timorous maiden's
 Heart in the fresh spring time;
Sweeter than waves that mutter
 And break on a sinuous shore,
Are the songs her fancies utter
 To brown-eyed Eleanore.

They twain went forth together
 Away o'er the Midland Main,
Through the golden summer weather,
 To Syria's mystic plain.
Together, toil and danger
 And the death of their loved ones bore,
And perils from Paynim, stranger
 Than death to Eleanore.

Where Lincoln's towers of wonder
 Soar high o'er the vale of Trent,
Their lives were torn asunder;
 To her home the good Queen went.
Her corse to the tomb he carried,
 With grief at his heart's stern core;
And where'er at night they tarried,
 Rose a Cross to Eleanore.

As ye trace a meteor's onset
 By a line of silver rain—
As ye trace a regal sunset
 By streaks of a saffron stain—
So to the Minster holy,
 At the west of London's roar,
May ye mark how sadly, slowly,
 Passed the corse of Eleanore.

Back to where lances quiver—
 Straight back by tower and town,
By hill and wold and river—
 For the love of Scotland's crown.
But ah! there is woe within him
 For the face he shall see no more;
And conquest cannot win him
 From the love of Eleanore.

Years after, sternly dying
 In his tent by the Solway Sea,
With the breezes of Scotland flying
 O'er the wide sands, wild and free,
His dim thoughts sadly wander
 To the happy days of yore,
And he sees, in the gray sky yonder,
 The eyes of his Eleanore.

Time must destroy those crosses
 Raised by the Poet King:
But as long as the blue sea tosses,
 As long as the skylarks sing,
As long as London's river
 Glides stately down to the Nore,
Men shall remember ever
 How he loved Queen Eleanore.

—Dublin University Magazine.

Wonderful Escapes.

No. 4.

Baron Trenck.—(Continued.)

For eleven months Trenck had been dying of hunger, and he devoured the bread so greedily that repletion nearly finished what starvation had begun, and he became seriously ill. When he had somewhat recovered he began anew to meditate a scheme of escape.

"I observed, as the four doors of my cell were opened, that they were only of wood; I therefore considered whether I might not even cut off the locks with the knife that I had so fortunately concealed; and should this and every other means fail, then would be the time to die. I likewise determined to make an attempt to free myself of my chains. I happily forced my right hand through the handcuffs, though the blood trickled from my nails. My attempts on the left were long ineffectual, but by rubbing with a brick, which I got from my seat, on a rivet that had been negligently closed, I effected this also.

"The chain was fastened to the ring round my body by a hook, the end of which was not inserted in the ring; therefore, by setting my foot against the wall, I had strength enough so far to bend this hook back, and open it, as to force out the link of the chain. The remaining difficulty was the chain that attached my foot to the wall; the links of this I took, doubled, twisted, and wrenched, till at length, nature having bestowed on me great strength, I made a desperate effort, sprang forcibly up, and two links at once flew off. Fortunate indeed did I think myself. I hastened to the door, groped in the dark to find the clinchings of the nails by which the lock was fastened, and discovered no very large piece of wood need be cut. Immediately I went to work with my knife, and cut through the oak door to find its thickness, which proved to be only one inch, therefore it was possible to open all the four doors in four and twenty hours.

"Again hope revived in my heart. To prevent discovery I hastened to put on my chains; but, oh heaven! what difficulties had I to surmount. After much groping about, I at length found the link that had flown off, but this I hid. It had hitherto been my good fortune to escape examination, as the possibility of ridding myself of such chains was in no wise suspected. The separated iron links I tied together with my hair ribbon; but when I again endeavored to force my hand into the ring, it was so swelled that every effort was fruitless. The whole night was employed upon the rivet, but all labor was in vain.

"It was near the hour of visitation, and necessity and danger again obliged me to attempt forcing my hand through the ring, an operation at length, after excruciating tortures, I effected. My visitors came, and everything had the appearance of order. I found it, however, impossible to again free my right hand while it continued swelled.

"I therefore remained quiet for the time; and on the fourth of July, the day I had fixed for my attempt, the moment my visitors had left me, I disencumbered myself of irons, took my knife and began my Herculean labors on the doors. The first of them that opened inwards was conquered in less than an hour. The other was a very different task. The lock was soon cut round, but it opened outwards; there was, therefore, no other means left but to cut the whole door away above the bar. Incessant and incredible labor made this possible, though it was the more difficult as everything was to be done by feeling, as I was totally in the dark; the sweat dropped, or rather flowed from my body. My fingers were clotted in my own blood, and my lacerated hands were one continued wound.

"Daylight appeared. I clambered over the door that I had cut through, and got up to the window in the space or cell that was between the double doors as before described. Here I saw that my dungeon was in the ditch of the first rampart; before me I saw the road from the rampart, the guard but fifty paces distant, and the high palisades that were in the ditch, and must be scaled before I could reach the rampart. Hope grew stronger. My efforts were redoubled. The first of the next double doors was attacked, which likewise opened inward, and was soon conquered. The sun set before I had ended this, and the fourth was cut away as the second had been. My strength failed, both my hands were raw. I rested awhile, began again, and had made a cut a foot long when my knife snapped, and the broken blade dropped to the ground."

Seeing all his dreams of liberty thus vanish in a moment, the unfortunate prisoner, abandoning himself to despair, opened the veins of his left arm and foot with the broken blade.

"I fainted and I know not how long I remained in this state. Suddenly I heard my own name, awoke, and again heard the words, 'Baron Trenck!' 'Who calls?' was my answer. And who indeed was it to be but my loved grenadier Gefhardt—my former faithful friend in the citadel. The good, the kind fellow had got upon the rampart that he might see and comfort me.

"'In what state are you?' said Gefhardt. 'Weltering in my blood,' answered I; 'to-morrow you will find me dead.' 'Why should you die?' replied he, 'It is much easier for you to escape from this place than from the citadel. There is no sentinel here, and I shall soon find means to furnish you with tools. If you can only break out, leave the rest to me. As soon as I am on guard, I will seek an opportunity to speak to you. In the whole of the Star Fort there are only two sentinels, the one at the entrance and the other at the guard-house. Do not despair, God will help you, trust to me.' The good man's kindness and his words revived my hopes. I saw the possibility of my escape. A secret joy diffused itself through my soul. I immediately tore my shirt, bound up my wounds, and waited the approach of day; and the sun soon after shone through my window with more than its accustomed brightness.

"Till noon I had time to consider what might further be done; yet what could be done? What could be expected but that I should now be much more cruelly treated, and even more insupportably ironed than before, finding as they must the doors cut through and my fetters shaken off.

"After mature consideration I therefore made the following resolution, which succeeded happily, and even beyond my hopes. Before I proceed, however, I will speak a few words concerning my situation at this moment. It is impossible to describe how much I was exhausted. The prison swam with blood, and certainly but little was left in my body. With painful wounds, swelled and torn hands, I stood shirtless in my cell. I felt an almost irresistible inclination to sleep, scarcely had strength to keep my legs out, and I was obliged to rouse myself that I might execute my plan.

"With the bar that separated my hands I loosened the bricks of my seat, which as they were newly laid, was easily done, and heaped them up in the middle of my prison. The inner door was quite open, and with my chains I so barricaded the upper half of the second, as to prevent any one climbing over it. When noon came, and the first of the doors was unlocked, all were astonished to find the second open. There I stood, besmeared with blood, the picture of horror, with a brick in one hand, and in the other my broken knife, crying as they approached, 'Keep off, major, keep off. Tell the governor I will live no longer in chains, and that here I stand if he pleases, to be shot, for so only will I be conquered. No man shall enter; I will destroy every one that approaches; here are my weapons; I will die in despite of tyranny.' The major was terrified, and lacking resolution to approach, made his report to the governor. I, meantime, sat down on my bricks to await what might happen. My second intent, however, was not so desperate as it appeared. I sought only to obtain a favorable capitulation.

"The governor-general, Borck, presently came, attended by the town major and some officers. He entered the outer cell, but sprang back the moment he beheld a figure like me, standing with a brick and uplifted arm. I repeated what I had told the major, and he immediately ordered six grenadiers to force the door. The front cell was scarcely six feet broad, so that no more than two at a time could attack my intrenchment, and when they saw my threatening bricks ready to descend, they leaped back in terror. A short pause ensued, and the old town major, with the chaplain, advanced towards the door to soothe me: the conversation continued some time to no purpose. The governor grew angry, and ordered a fresh attack. The first grenadier I knocked down, and the rest ran back to avoid my missiles.

"The town major again began a parley. 'For God's sake, my dear Trenck,' said he, 'in what have I injured you, that you endeavor to effect my ruin? I must answer for your having through my negligence concealed a knife; be persuaded, I entreat you; be appeased. You are not without hope or without friends.' My answer was, 'But will you promise not to load me with heavier irons than before?'

"He went out and spoke with the governor, and gave me his word of honor that the affair should be no further noticed, and that everything should be reinstated as formerly.

"Here ended the capitulation, and my wretched citadel was taken."

The state of the unfortunate prisoner excited commiseration, and he was attended with great care, and supplied with everything needful to his recovery. For four days he was suffered to remain out of irons, but on the fifth he was again fettered, and new doors, one of them of double thickness, were set up in place of those he had destroyed.

Gefhardt came on guard soon after this, and he at once began to concert with Trenck measures for a new attempt at flight. He furnished him with writing materials, and undertook to post a letter to a friend of the prisoner, in Vienna. This friend sent back some money, which Gefhardt found means to convey to the prisoner while handing him his food.

"Having money to carry on my designs, I began to put into execution my plan, of burrowing under the foundation. The first thing necessary was to free myself from my fetters. To accomplish this Gefhardt supplied me with two small files, and by the aid of these this operation, though a difficult one, was effected.

"The cap or staple of the foot-ring was made so wide that I could draw it forward a quarter of an inch. I filed the iron which passed through it on the inside; the more I filed this away the farther I could draw the cap down, till at last the whole inside iron through which the chain passed was cut quite through; by this means I could slip off the ring, while the cap on the outside continued whole, and it was impossible to discover any cut, as only the outside could be examined. My hands, by continued efforts, I so compressed as to be able to draw them out of the handcuffs. I then filed off the hinge, and made a screw-driver of one of the foot-long flooring nails, with which I could take out the screws at pleasure. The rim round my body was but a small impediment, were it not for the chain which passed from my hand bar, and this I removed by filing an aperture in one of the links, which at the necessary hour I closed with bread rubbed over with rusty iron, first drying it with the heat of my body; and I would wager any sum that, without striking the chain link by link with a hammer, no one not in the secret would have discovered the fracture.

"The window was never strictly examined. I therefore drew the two staples by which the iron bars were fixed to the wall, daily replacing and carefully plastering them over. I procured wire from Gefhardt, and tried how well I could imitate the inner grating. Finding I succeeded tolerably, I cut the real grating totally away, and substituted an artificial one of my own making, by which I obtained a free communication with the outside, additional fresh air, together with all necessary implements, tinder and candles.

"In order that the light might not be seen, I hung the coverlet of my bed before the window, so that I could work fearless and undetected. The floor of my dungeon was not of stone, but of oak plank three inches thick, three beds of which were laid crossways, and were fastened to each other by nails half an inch in diameter and a foot long. Having worked round the head of a nail, I made use of the hole at the end of the bar which separated my hands to draw it out, and this nail, sharpened upon my tombstone, made an excellent chisel.

"I now cut through the board more than an inch in width, that I might work downwards, and having drawn away a piece of wood which was inserted two inches under the wall I cut this so as to exactly fit. The small crevice it occasioned I stopped up with bread and strewed over with dust, so as to prevent all suspicions. My labor under this was attended with less precaution, and I had soon worked through my nine-inch planks. Under them I came to a fine white sand, on which the Star Fort was built. My chips I carefully distributed beneath the boards, but I soon saw that if I had not help from without I could proceed no further: for it would be useless to dig unless I could rid myself of my rubbish.

"Gefhardt supplied me with some ells of cloth, of which I made long narrow bags, stuffed them with earth, and passed them between the iron bars to Gefhardt, who, as he was on guard, scattered or conveyed away their contents. Furnished with room to secrete them under the floor, I obtained more instruments, together with a pair of pistols, powder, ball, and a bayonet. I now discovered that the foundation of my prison, instead of two, was sunk four feet deep. Time, labor and patience were all necessary to break out unheard and undiscovered; but few things are impossible where resolution is not wanting.

"The hole I made was obliged to be four feet deep, corresponding with the foundation, and wide enough to kneel and to stoop in. The lying down on the floor to work, the continual stooping to throw out the earth, the narrow space in which all must be performed—these made the labor incredible; and after this daily labor all things were to be replaced, and my chains again resumed, which alone required some hours to effect.

"I now continued my labor, and found it very possible to break out under the foundation, but Gefhardt had been so terrified by the late accident that he started a thousand difficulties, in proportion as my end was more nearly accomplished; and at the moment when I wished to concert with him the means of flight he persisted that it was necessary to find additional help to escape in safety, and not bring both him and myself to destruction. At length we came to a new determination, which, however, after eight months' incessant labor, rendered my whole project abortive."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Remedies.

THE EAR-ACHE.—Generally heat is the best remedy. Apply a warm poultice or warm oil to the ear. Rub the back of the ear with warm laudanum. In case of a fœtid discharge, carefully syringe the ear with warm milk and water. In all cases keep the ear thoroughly cleansed. Relief is often given by rubbing the back of the ear with a little hartshorn and water.

TO REMOVE WARTS.—Pass a pin through the wart; apply one end of the pin to the flame of a lamp; hold it there until the wart fries under the action of the heat. A wart so treated will leave. If the wart is hard, a good method is to cut it off with a knife or scissors, and apply a little caustic to the roots. If the wart have a narrow neck, tie a silk thread or horsehair around it, and it will soon drop off. A little caustic applied to the roots will prevent it from growing again.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR NOSE-BLEED.—A friend who has tried it, says: "Put a piece of paper in your mouth, chew it rapidly, and it will stop your nose from bleeding. This remedy has been tried frequently with success."

A physician says that placing a small roll of paper or muslin above the front teeth, under the upper lip, and pressing hard on the same, will arrest bleeding from the nose, checking the passage of the blood through the arteries leading to the nose.

☞ "What carrotty-headed little brat is that, madam; do you know his name?" "Why, yes, that's my youngest child," "You don't say so, indeed. Why, what a dear, little, sweet, dove-eyed cherub he is to be sure!"

☞ "Fiddle D. D." has been suggested as the appropriate musical degree in the place of "Mus. Doc.," which looks awkward.

GOD WILLS IT SO.

[We received some time ago the following poem, sent to us as original, but very evidently, we think, not so. It is a drunkard's plea, and very powerfully put, in answer to some one who has been giving him good advice. We should like to have an answer in verse equally powerful.—*Ed. Sat Eve. Post.*]

It's a horrible thing of course, I own,
 This habit I have of taking my dram,
But it's firmly fixed in the brain and bone,
 And matters but little—I am what I am.
What troubles it you if the damning sin
 Of thirst clings to me wherever I go;
It springs from the passions that boil within;
 They are all from God—He willed it so.

What matters it if where the wine cups shine
 I often sing in a madman's mood;
Does it trouble you, friend, if the red of wine
 Dye a deeper stain with a fellow's blood?
What matters the evils in all that train,
 The fierce, harsh oath, the angry blow?
They're all from God, He formed the brain,
 It moves the hands—He willed it so.

Now I never asked for this life of pain,
 Or for the clay prison that holds my soul;
Or for glittering hopes we choose in vain,
 Or the fierce wild passions that spurn control.
I am such as He made me; brain, body and limb
 To me were given, and this I know,—
All things that come from the hand of Him
 Must end in good—He willed it so.

And I ask but to be the thing that I am,
 Though my praise sounds not on lyre or lute;
I'm "God's own image,"—I am a man;
 In man's own image, a very brute.
Good cometh from evil, there's naught in vain;
 Perhaps some others may shun my woe.
Out of my evil I say again,
 That good will come—He willed it so.

Let me bury my past in the grave of the past,
 Let my future be in the future still;
But little I care how it ends at last,
 Events change never by the human will.
Let me hold as ever within my breast
 Those passionate longings that none may know;
Place over my grave when in dust I rest
 The magical words—God willed it so.

THE PUZZLED THIEVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY BURR THORNBURY.

One afternoon, near sunset, in early autumn, a couple of men driving a jaded-looking horse, stopped at a hotel in a village of one of the Western states and requested accommodations for the night. They would no doubt claim to be gentlemen, and perhaps really believed they were such; their hands were white, their boots shining, and their clothing, though rather of the flashy order, was neat and well-fitting. With these things in their favor you could tell at a glance they were not gentlemen, though possessing some of the externals, but belonged to the swell-mob. They represented themselves as commercial travellers in the employ of a large and well-known New York house. They were in reality horse thieves, living on the profits of former raids, and looking about for the next chance in their line. Alighting, they gave their horse and vehicle in charge of the hostler, and proceeded to the bar-room, calling immediately for drink. One of them on the pretence of looking after the horse, then went to the stable and cast a professional glance at the surroundings. The survey seemed to be satisfactory, for he returned to the bar-room with an expression of hopeful pleasure on his face. The other, meanwhile, had been shown to his room, where his companion shortly joined him. Assuring themselves that no listeners were about they drew their chairs to the further end of the apartment and conversed in low tones for some time.

"I say, Bill," said the larger man, shifting a quid of tobacco to the other side of his mouth, "we're lucky. Never knew a better chance; splendid bay in the same stable with our tricsy nag; worth three hundred, I should say, at the least; silver-mounted harness hanging by, and nothing but a rusty padlock to hold 'em. Folks here are a little careless; we must give 'em a lesson. Their own fault, you know, if they don't look better to their property."

"Exactly," responded the other. "With a dark night coming and a good road behind, (we will turn back, Jack, the way we came,) what's to prevent us from getting safely to Cincinnati before folks here know we are missing. Did you notice where the animal stood that we'll take in place of our own? An easy trade we'll make with these fellows." And the rascal chuckled.

"Next to our own—in the second stall. No light needed, as the horse is quiet—I made friends with him on purpose—and I can lay my hands on the harness in the dark. I looked sharp to the rig, I tell you, and have got it all in my head. An expression of satisfaction escaped the speaker.

"All right," said his companion. "If there's no interference till we're started, we'll have a nice little divide next time."

After some further conversation, the two descended to the supper table. Eating a hearty meal and smoking a cigar apiece, they spoke of fatigue and soon retired. The landlord, a good-natured, unsuspecting person, showed them to their chamber and wished them a pleasant good-night.

The house was soon silent, the last retiring foot-steps dying away as the different members of the household sought their beds.

Midnight! The villains arose, dressed themselves with rapidity, took their package of commercial samples and softly descended to the bar-room. They had the audacity to help themselves to a glass of brandy each before undoing the fastenings of the door—a not difficult work.

Proceeding to the stable, the lock was wrenched off with burglar's skill, and one of the men entered and placed the coveted harness on the horse, while the other kept watch outside. The horse was soon brought out and hastily attached to the buggy belonging to the thieves. Congratulating themselves on not being discovered, they jumped in, and applying the whip to the horse, drove rapidly off.

They were, so far, well satisfied with their night's work, and made frequent jocular references to that manner of trading. Proceeding for half an hour at a clever pace, though an occasional use of the whip seemed necessary to enable the animal they were driving to maintain its speed, they thought at last that it showed signs of giving out. At the end of the hour they were forced to acknowledge that the horse, in the capacity of a traveller at least, was not much better than their own. At the rate they were going they would barely put sufficient distance between themselves and the pursuers that morning would arouse, to make it probable that they would escape with the stolen property. The night was dark, but they urged the animal on at a somewhat dangerous pace. Soon, however, it showed unmistakeable signs of exhaustion.

"Here's a pretty go!" exclaimed the larger villain, in vexation that soon sought relief in profanity.

"How the cussed brute has deceived us!" responded the other. "I never knew you to judge so lame of a nag before, Jack."

"Well, it beats me. I could have sworn that shiny bay was all he looked. We've missed it this time for certain," said the first speaker with both disappointment and alarm.

Driving a short distance farther, the man who had brought the animal from the stable, and who held the reins, stopped suddenly, as if a revelation had been made to him, and, leaping from the buggy, commenced examining the horse by passing his hands over it.

"Curse me!" he suddenly exclaimed, with a gasping oath following his imprecation. "Why, Jack, *we've stolen our own horse!*"

Were ever such chagrin and disappointment felt before? The villain's words were true. The horses had been changed in their stalls after the thief had satisfied himself, as he thought, of their position in the stable. In the darkness the change had not, of course, been noticed, nor was the blunder discovered in the hurry of attaching the animal to the vehicle.

The harness had been secured, but it would gladly have been returned were that possible, for it would be missed and search made for it. The thieves had no alternative but to abandon the whole outfit, or risk being overtaken with the stolen property in their possession. It was bad enough either way. After hurried deliberation, one upbraiding the other for his stupidity, and the other declaring the mistake was pardonable under the circumstances, they chose to continue on their way, full of rage and apprehension, but hoping they would not lose everything. The end of the matter was that they were captured, tried and convicted, both for stealing the harness and horse; for the Judge held the intent was the same, though it failed, it having transpired, circumstantially, during the trial, what their object had been.

They were given several years in the penitentiary to reflect on the uncertainty of terrestial prospects.

"MODESTY."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I have been wondering if all lady writers who have won their way to Fame and have a world-wide reputation, must necessarily become *silly* and *wild* after a time.

I have read recently several articles from the pens of renowned sisters, that seemed to me exceedingly nonsensical.

For instance: Articles are going the rounds of the press just now, loudly denouncing *biographies* of authors. "How atrocious," these modest sisters cry, "to expose the privacy of an author's life! to profanate scrutiny," &c., &c. They "loathe the curiosity that induces the world to pry into these things," and ask for scraps of an author's history, and a great many more things of the same kind they say, equally far-fetched and high-wrought.

Now to me this seems a spurious kind of modesty: no more the real article than burnished brass is gold.

I cannot for the life of me see where the "atrocity" is in speaking of an author's life. I cannot see what there is to "loathe" in the "curiosity" (if that is the proper name for it,) which people naturally feel in regard to an author whose articles they are constantly perusing. If I were sitting at an open widow, and just across the street at another window, but concealed behind a curtain, sat another person who was speaking to me and to all within hearing distance, speaking eloquently and giving utterance to beautiful thoughts that fired the heart and brain and aroused the soul, awakening one to the knowledge of his duty, sending balm to another stricken heart, entertaining, instructing and amusing all, would it be *condemnable* that I should desire to *see* that hidden speaker? Would my curiosity to know how she, he, or it *looked* and what *it* was like, be something to *loathe?* Perhaps I am destitute of Modesty, and have a large share of that censurable curiosity: for I know that I never read a beautiful story, poem, or essay, without feeling a lively interest in the author, and a desire to know *something* about him or her.

I cannot read the article and appreciate *it*, and feel no interest in its author. I suppose it is this feeling which induces people to "pry into an author's private life."

But I cannot see what there is so holily sacred about the place of one's birth, the *year* of one's birth, the names of one's parents, and the number of years one has been engaged in literature that it should be considered a "*sacrilege*" or a "profanation" for the world to ask concerning it. When book compilers write to authors for a short biography of their lives, they do not, as I understand it, ask for the minute particulars. If the author is unmarried she is not asked or expected to tell *why* she never married or how many proposals she has declined. She is not expected to tell the world every grief she has ever known, or whether her parents live happily or contemplate divorce.

None of the things which *are* sacred and private is she asked to tell; but only an outline of her life, and those things which the world has a *right* to know, since she has voluntarily made herself public property.

If a woman is so "modest," so delicately constituted, that she wilts under a little inoffensive curiosity, she had better keep herself out of literature and art, and live and die a modest flower, born to blush unseen. But if she chooses to mount upward, and instruct and amuse the multitude with her pen, or beautify temples of art with brush or pencil, she must expect the world to feel an interest in *herself* as well as her *works;* must expect the million who hear her, and *of* her, to desire to see her, or to know who and what she is, "audacious" and "outrageous" though it may be.

☞ The Terre Haute Mail says there is a lady in that place who can turn a barrel of cider into first-rate vinegar, by looking in at the bunghole.

DO IT WITH YOUR MIGHT, BOYS!

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might,
Never be a *little* true,
Or a *little* in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to Heaven;
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut.

Love with all your heart and soul—
Love with eye, and ear, and touch;
That's the moral of the whole—
You can never love too much!
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Our hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are as worlds without a sun!

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

CHAPTER IX.

PARTLY FORGIVEN.

Be you very sure Geoffry Clanwaring did not let the grass grow under his horse's feet in riding over to Hurst Leet the following morning, New Year's Day. Break of day had seen him in the saddle. At Drew's house he found Simmons, the gamekeeper: who had been placed in it to take care of things upon the bailiff's departure.

It was a very pretty place, this dwelling, commonly called the bailiff's lodge. Had a gentleman inhabited it he would have styled it a cottage ornée. Sheltered amidst trees and shrubs, with some of the same kind of yellow jasmine on its walls that had been on the Widow Barber's, it was as pretty a cottage as any in the district.

Geoffry Clanwaring sat down at once to the papers; and when Sir Dene arrived, they were all in nice order for the explanation to him. For a good half hour Sir Dene did his best to master them: and found it a failure.

"I'll tell you what it is, Geoffry," said he. "I shall make nothing of these things myself: my capacity does not lie in this bent, I think; and John wont attempt it—though he ought. You will have to come back again."

"I should desire nothing better than to be allowed to come back," spoke Geoffry, with candor.

"Not to Beechhurst Dene," hastily rejoined Sir Dene, fearing he might be misunderstood. "That could not be. I should have your brothers up in arms: John especially. Reginald is at a safe distance, thank goodness. He can write sharp letters, though."

"I did not think of coming back to Beechhurst Dene, sir," said Geoffry, quietly.

"That's well. Look here, Geoffry: I must speak out plainly, and then we shall understand each other," continued Sir Dene. "You were guilty of an act, marrying as you did, entirely unjustifiable; it involved, to me, both disobedience and ingratitude. Had your wife been—been—different from what she is; had she been vulgar or upstart, for instance, I could never have forgiven you. Never. As it is—well, I must partly forgive you. Though I cannot receive you on a familiar footing as one of my sons, or welcome you to Beechhurst Dene, I will extend to you my countenance in a degree. If you are not above taking the management of things in Drew's place, why I will make it worth your while."

"I am not above, it, I assure you, sir," said Geoffry; "but would accept the post and thank you very truly. After all, I shall only be doing what I have done ever since you bought the property. More responsibility will lie on me; somewhat more work: that is the only difference, sir."

"You would have to live on the spot, you know."

"Of course. Why could I not have this house, sir?"

Sir Dene coughed. With all his vexation, with all Geoffry's misdoings, he had not liked to *propose* that a son of his should succeed to the bailiff's cottage.

"It would be the best and most convenient thing. But I thought you might not like it, Geoffry."

Geoffry Clanwaring smiled.

"After our two rooms at Malvern, sir, I fear I and Maria shall be fancying ourselves in a palace here."

"Then that's all settled, Geoffry," concluded Sir Dene, glady, as if he experienced a kind of relief. "I'll have some furniture put into it, and you had better move over without delay. Or, stay. Do you get the furniture, Geoffry," added Sir Dene, on second thoughts: "you know best what will please you and your wife. Pay for it out of the funds: you'll have plenty in hand now."

"Thank you very much, father."

"And now come up to Beechhurst," said Sir Dene. "The papers there are in a fine mess: and Hill no doubt is in a passion at being kept waiting two mornings running. He was already there when I came away."

They walked up the new road, Dene Hollow. It was only natural that the spot should bring back the remembrance of Drew's accident. Geoffry, who had not heard much of the particulars, inquired how Dobbin, known to be sure-footed, came to throw his rider.

"Nobody seems to be able to tell," replied Sir Dene. "Drew says he can't. It made me think of our accident, Geoffry; we never could imagine what possessed the horses, you know. 'Twas just in the same spot, too."

"It seems odd," said Geoffry.

"Our mishap was odd—and it always will be—but I don't say as much for Drew's. Many a horse, brave as a lion by day, will start at shadows cast by the moonlight. Besides—"

"Besides what, sir?" asked Geoffry. For Sir Dene had made a sudden pause.

"Well, Geoff—though I'd not mention it to any one but you," broke off Sir Dene, confidentially—"I cannot help thinking that Drew must have had a drop more than was good for him at the time. He had had a long and tedious journey, and the night was cold. If a man's seat is not steady, a slight thing will unhorse him: the very fact of Dobbin's galloping down the hill might do it."

"I have never once seen Drew the worse for drink," was Geoffry's reply to this.

"Neither have I—don't think I would asperse the man causelessly," returned Sir Dene. "Priar, too, says he was sober. But still there's a lurking doubt on my mind that he was not himself: and I don't say it without a reason."

"What is the reason, sir?" naturally questioned Geoffry.

Upon that, Sir Dene told the tale—calling it a cock-and-bull story—that had been told to him: of what Drew saw, or thought he saw, at the Trailing Indian. Sir Dene entirely disbelieved it. The surgeon had informed him what Black's version was; and Sir Dene, judging by common sense, believed that to be the true version. Geoffry listened in silence.

"Now what I think is this, Geoff: That no man could go the length of fancying he saw what Drew fancied, unless his imagination and eye-sight were both a little helped by drink. If so, this would account for the accident. Drew confesses he was going down here at a tolerable pace."

Sir Dene turned his eyes on the road as he spoke. They were just abreast of the spot.

"Did Drew hold to his story afterwards?" asked Geoffry.

"In the most positive manner. He says he was never in his life more sure of anything than he is that the coffin came out of the inn. Of course, having fancied he saw it, it became impressed upon his imagination."

"For my own part I should not be disposed to trust to a word asserted by Black," remarked Geoffry. "I'd rather believe Drew than him."

"Nonsense," said Sir Dene. "Drew's story carries improbability on the face of it; whereas Black's has been confirmed. There was nobody ill at the Trailing Indian: nobody was stopping there: so how could anybody die?"

"In what way was Black's account confirmed?" asked Geoffry.

"He said that the hearse merely called at the inn to bait the horses. About ten o'clock, he told Priar, it drove in. Now it happened that some man Priar knows, saw a hearse turn off the turnpike road at that hour and drive in to the inn yard. So far, Black was confirmed."

"Yes," acquiesced Geoffry. But it crossed his mind that the hearse must equally have driven in sometime had its errand been to fetch the dead away.

"Have you seen Black, sir, and questioned him upon the subject?"

"Not I," said Sir Dene. "Why should I? He would probably tell me to my face, that hearses are just as much at liberty to demand refreshment at his house as carriages. In short, I hold no doubt whatever that the whole explanation, both of that and the subsequent accident, lies in the fact, that Drew had taken a glass too much."

"It may have been so, sir. But I have a bad opinion of Black. I don't think he would stick at much."

"It is just this, Geoff, as I believe: that Black's case is an illustration of the old saying, 'Give a dog a bad name and hang him.' He is not a white sheep by any means: but I dare say report makes him out to be a great deal worse than he is in reality. Come along."

In going up the slight ascent, Sir Dene, quite unconsciously, took Geoffry's arm. Forgetting the escapade of which his son had been guilty, quite forgetting the late estrangement, he put his arm within Geoffry's as he used to do. A gentleman, who happened to be walking amidst the trees on the high bank above them that skirted the side of the road, approached the edge and cautiously leaned over to look down. It was the heir, John Clanwaring. He had recognized his father's voice, and wondered who it was that he was with.

And if Mr. Clanwaring had seen Sir Dene familiarly walking with a long-armed baboon, he could not have felt more utterly astonished. With Geoffry!—arm in arm! John Clanwaring, closed his eyes for a moment and opened them again, thinking perhaps some mist obscured his sight. But no. It was Geoffry. Geoffry, the renegade! The heir stood holding on by the firm tree-trunk watching them up, and wondering whether his father had gone clean mad.

He watched them in at the gates of Beechhurst Dene: he saw the woman at the lodge run out to drop a curtsey to her master. She dropped two—two!—to Geoffry. Mr. Clanwaring came to the conclusion that not only Sir Dene must be mad, but a great part of the world beside him.

Little suspecting that condemning eyes were following them, Sir Dene and Geoffry continued their way to the house, turning off to the side entrance. Mr. Clanwaring went on slowly to the front, gained the library, and rang an imperious peal on the bell for Gander.

"Did Sir Dene come in a few minutes ago?"

"Yes, sir," was the man's reply. "He's come in with Mr. Geoffry. They be hard at work amid the papers in Sir Dene's parlor. Hill at the Lea farm is gone in to 'em now."

From Gander's long service in the family, and the confidential terms he was on with the boys when they were young, they said anything to him, never caring to be reticent.

"I wonder Sir Dene did not kick him out, rather than hand him into his parlor," quoth Mr. Clanwaring, standing before the fire with his coat-tails under his arm, and speaking deliberately.

"Mr Geoffry have come by appointment, sir," said Gander, who liked the younger brother ten times better than he did the elder. "Leastways, I take it to be so."

"And why do you 'take it' to be so?" scornfully asked the heir.

"Because Sir Dene says to me last night, says he, 'Mind you get a good fire early in my parlor, Gander: I'm expecting Mr. Geoffry on business.' That's why, sir."

"Mr. Geoffry must have the impudence of Satan to write and proffer a visit *here*," cried John Clanwaring, assuming such to have been the fact.

"Well, Mr. Clanwaring, it strikes me that Sir Dene went and fetched him," returned Gander confidentially, secretly rejoicing that he had it to say. "When Sir Dene got home last night, he told the groom that him and his horse had a'most got lost in the mist, coming down the Link. So we took it that he must have been to Malvern."

Worse and worse. John Clanwaring signed impatiently for Gander to go, and then indulged his wrath alone. Let us give him his due: except on the score of the marriage, he had no ill feeling against Geoffry; but in his proud and haughty temper, he considered that act had brought a stain on the family not to be redeemed.

The morning wore on. Sir Dene and Geoffry remained in the parlor, very busy. At luncheon time Gander went to tell his master that it was ready.

Sir Dene rose; and sat down again. How could he go to his luncheon and not ask Geoffry? And yet—to invite him to partake of a meal in the house would look as if his offence were entirely condoned. And (here lay the obstacle) what would John say?

"Oh, bother John—I can't help it," mentally spoke Sir Dene in his perplexity. "Will you come and have some lunch, Geoffry? You must be peckish after your early ride."

"Thank you, sir," said Geoffry. And rose to follow him.

In the dining-room stood the heir. When he saw Geoffry come in with his father, quite as it used to be, to sit down at the same table, one of the family, he felt that it was a little more than he could stand. Geoffry went up to him, his kindly eyes looking straight into his brother's, as he held out his hand hesitatingly.

"You would not shake my hand the last time we parted, John: your anger was fresh against me then. Will you now?"

"No," said John Clanwaring, in a voice low from concentrated passion. He was never loud, this young man; but all the more firm and bitter.

"And yet, my father has—in a degree—forgiven me!"

"But that I see—what I see—with my own eyes, I had not believed that Sir Dene would have lent his countenance to disgrace."

"Oh hang it, John!" interposed Sir Dene testily, not feeling over comfortable, and half ashamed of his own leniency. "Geoffry is the only one who can help me out of the confusion caused by Drew's departure. *You* would not try, you know. Come, sit down."

"No, Sir Dene. Not with him."

"He is your brother, John."

"Unfortunately—yes. But I can never again regard him as one."

Mr. Clanwaring stalked deliberately out of the room, vouchsafing no further notice. Ordering Gander, as he brushed by the man, to bring him a plate of something to the library.

"You see the difficulties I have to contend with, Geoffry," quietly remarked Sir Dene, when they sat down. "I can't do quite as I would."

"Yes, sir, I see," was the answer. "Be assured I will not intrude upon you here, unnecessarily to increase them."

And so, Geoffry Clanwaring and his wife took up their abode in the bailiff's lodge. And the months went on.

CHAPTER X.

MISCHIEF BREWING.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen sat at supper in the ordinary living room at Harebell Farm. They were taking it later than usual. It was Saturday, and Easter Eve. The farmer had been over to Worcester market; after his business was transacted, he had gone to stay the evening with his daughter Mary and her husband and invite them to spend Easter Day at the farm. Which made him late in reaching home.

"How does she look, Robert?" questioned Mrs. Owen, upon his saying that the invitation was declined.

"Polly? She is—I don't see that she looks much better," was the cautious answer. Glancing at his wife from under his handsome eyelids, Robert Owen decided that she was too poorly just now to be troubled unnecessarily. The impulsive reply he had been about to utter was "She is worse, and weaker."

"And the baby?"

"Oh that's peart enough. "It's a pretty little thing; can almost talk."

Mrs. Owen laughed slightly. "Almost talk! Why, she is but nine months old *yet*."

"Any way, she tries to. Girls are never backward with their tongues. The child had got its sleeves looped up with a row of pink coral beads, gold clasps," continued Mr. Owen. "Squire Arde took them there this week. He said they had belonged to his own child when she was a baby."

"That is a curious thing for Squire Arde to do!" exclaimed Mrs. Owen after a pause of consideration. "One would think he must have taken a fancy to the child."

"Oh I don't know," said the less imaginative farmer. "He might have thought 'twas as well to put the beads to use—lying by and doing nothing. Polly was saying that Geoffry Clanwaring and Maria have promised to go over for a day next week."

Supper over, Mary Barber came in to take the tray away. Joan, the hard-working household servant, was never kept up later than ten, except on an emergency. It was nearly eleven now, and she had been in bed an hour. The farmer began looking about for his cap.

"Have you to go out again to-night, Robert?" asked Mrs. Owen.

"As far as the two-acre meadow; I must take a look at Lightfoot."

"Bugle is sure to have gone round there last thing," she rejoined, slightly in remonstrance.

"Not so sure, Betsey," was the dissenting answer. "He has been growing lazy lately—or careless. Was Cole up to-day, do you know?"

"Yes. Joan said she saw him in the yard with Bugle. I am sure you must be tired, Robert. I don't see that you need go."

"I shall go," persisted the farmer, rather obstinately. "You had better go to bed, as it's late."

"Then you'll read now," said Mrs. Owen. For the day was always finished up at Harebell Farm with a chapter from the Bible. As Robert Owen took the book, his wife opened the parlor door.

"Mary, will you come in to the reading?"

"It 'll hinder me more time than I can spare, with all these here late supper things to clear up; and I'm sure I'm not a-going to leave 'em till morning," returned independent Mary Barber. "The master can read without me to-night, mi sis." And Mrs. Owen shut the door again.

He was going regularly through the gospels, and read the chapter at which he had left off the previous night—the 5th of St. Mark. Then he put on his great coat; took his hat—not readily finding the cap he kept for night use—and went out.

It was a night late in March, almost April, but different from the one twelve months before, when the two men in smock-frocks had gone stealing up Harebell Lane. That night was bright and gusty; this, still and misty. The moon ought to have been out to-night, but was not. Lightfoot, a favorite cow, was lying ill in the shed off the two-acre paddock; and Robert Owen had latterly had cause to doubt the attention of Bugle, his herdsman; hence his personal visit. He reached the shed; found all tolerably right there, and turned his steps homewards again.

Ever since he came out, his thoughts had been glancing back to the chapter he had read; now that his mind was at rest as to Lightfoot, he let them dwell entirely upon it.

"Ay, true," ran his reflections; "what shall it profit—though a man gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul? 'Tis but a short life here at best; and there's all the never-ending ages of Eternity to succeed it. Why don't we, throughout our poor brief lives, take better note of the lessons God has written for us?"

Why it was that Robert Owen should have taken "better note" latterly, he could not tell. The fact was so. Without any apparent will of his, he had found his thoughts turned absolutely on serious things, and on the life that must come after this life. Three months ago, at the new year, he had quite electrified his wife (and astonished the parson) by staying at church to take the sacrament. For Robert Owen, like too many more householders of the district—and of other districts, too, for that matter—had not been in the habit of doing such a thing. They were content to leave this practical part of religion to the women and to a future time. Perhaps it was the thought of his dying daughter—for that Mary Arde was dying, dying gradually, lay on him with a conviction firm and sure—that brought these reflections home to him, especially to-night. They had never been more vivid.

"Poor young Tom gone on, and Polly going; William and Maria left. Two in that world; two in this. Somehow, I feel as if I'd as soon go as stay. If Betsey—hallo! Who's abroad at this hour?"

The sound of footsteps and suppressed voices had struck upon his ear. He was in that narrow pathway, between the grove of trees and the fence, just above Harebell Pond. As it had been that past night twelve months before, so it was this. The two self-same men—or two that looked precisely like them—came stealing up the lane; nothing was in their hands; but by daylight the smock-frocks might have looked rather bulky. Just as Robert Owen had been in that spot and watched them pass that other night, here he was this. It was a singular coincidence; he had never seen men since in that particular spot.

He stood his ground, leaning sideways against the fence and looking at them as they came on. It was sufficiently light for them to see him there, but they passed on without speaking; apparently without looking.

"More underhand work at the Trailing Indian," thought Robert Owen, as he pursued his way homewards. "I wish that affair of what Drew saw was cleared up! I don't like it—and so I told Priar; in spite of Mr. Randy Black's glib explanation. However, it is no business of mine."

The men were the same that had gone up the former night—Michael Geach and Robson. They arrived at the Trailing Indian in a state of fury. Even Geach, generally so careless and easy, had changed his tone of late, and become quite as savage as Robson in regard to what they thought was the espionage of the master of Harebell Farm.

"It's true, as I'm a living man, Black!" he foamed, when they were disencumbering themselves in the private room of sundry articles that had been stuffed about them. "In that there old spy-place, just above the pond, there he was, the devil."

Black answered by some of his bad language.

"I'll tell ye what it is, mates," spoke up Robson, waking from a sullen revery, and bringing his closed hand down with passionate force upon the table—"that there man must have some means of getting at our movements. It's as sure as eggs is eggs."

"I have thought so some months past, be shot if I've not," acquiesced the landlord.

Geach, never prone to be very suspicious, glanced questioningly from one to the other. He did not readily understand. "What d'ye mean?" he asked.

"What do us mean," retorted Robson, "why what should us mean? Owen has got spies at work, and lays hisself out to watch us according to the information they bring him in. Don't ye be a fool, Geach."

"I'm no more a fool than somebody else is. How could Owen have spies at work?"

"I dun' know how he could; he *has*," retorted Robson. "Send me dumb, if it ain't so. Wasn't he stuck in that there place to-night, awaiting and watching for us? But for expecting of us to come, would he ha' been out at this hour, perched *there?* No: it don't stand to reason that he would. There be none of his ewes i' th' meadow now."

"Robson's right," spoke Black. "I've been a'most sure of it since the night he watched the load away in the hearse. How could he ha' knowed anything was to be took away that there particular night, but for being informed of it? Would he ha' stopped out at that there stile a-watching our place till past midnight for nothing? You must be a fool, Geach, if you think he'd ha' posted himself there on spec."

A silence ensued, the three men looking at each other. If this really were so—that Mr. Owen had spies at work—it affected their interests in a very grave manner. Geach began to come round to their way of thinking.

"What possesses the man?—what does he do it for?" he asked, scarcely above his breath.

"Ah, what does he do it for?" repeated Black, sneeringly. "Why, to get me out o' the Trailing Indian. Now that that girl of hisn's married to Sir Dene's son, of course he's got his ear—'twas only him that set the young fellow on at me the time you know of: pretty broad hints, too, them he gave about the doings here! Owen is a-plotting to get us out o' the place: nothing more or nothing *less*."

Robson rubbed the moisture from his startled face. "They might be down upon ye at any time, Black. He might ha' come over that there night, folks helping him, and looked into the coffin. My patience! What on *earth* should we ha' done?"

"Have ye heard much about it since, Randy?" resumed Geach. "Had more questions asked?"

Never one—though I've waited for 'em," replied Black. "Neither from Priar nor nobody else. They've got hold of the tale round the place, though, and call it Randy Black's coffin. The mischief was, getting it away of a light night, you see; but 'twas in a hurry: and who was to fear eyes would be in this lonely place at midnight? I wish Owen had been dead, I do, afore he had seen it!"

"But what's to be *done* with the man?" demanded Geach, his eyes ablaze with excitement. "We can't submit to be watched in this way; 'twould be destruction: and we shall want the hearse again soon."

"Hang him," said Robson, quietly, by way of answer. "'Twouldn't be no sin," he defiantly added. "Hanging's the nat'ral punishment o' spies. And he's a spy, out and out."

Again the men looked at each other, very meaningly. Black broke the silence.

"He'd only get his deserts. Trust me for one thing, both of you: Owen shall be out of Harebell Farm, afore he gets me out o' the Trailing Indian."

Jonathan Drew's sight had not deceived him; neither had he taken anything to obscure it. The hearse had brought the coffin to the inn, deposited it inside the house, empty, and received it again, filled, two hours afterwards. This hearse was in the habit of making periodical visits to the Trailing Indian, always at the ghostly hours of night. But—to relieve the reader's feelings—it may as well be stated that it never took away a human occupant, alive or dead. Had the coffin been opened by Mr. Jonathan Drew that moonlight night it would have been found to contain nothing worse than closely-packed layers of valuable lace, with some costly articles of jewelry wedged in between them.

It was a sure and safe way of transporting articles to London, or elsewhere, which might not be sent in the broad light of day. Who would dream of suspecting a hearse, whether travelling along the highway by moonlight or sunlight; or of searching the coffin inside it? Not even a Bow street runner.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OMINOUS DREAM.

The bells of Hurst Leet church wafted their melodious sound up to Harebell *Farm* in the stillness of the Sabbath morning. The thick mist of the previous night—when Mr. Owen had walked to the two-acre meadow and seen the men stealing up Harebell Lane on their way to the Trailing Indian—had given place to a clear atmosphere. The air was bright, the sun shone, the skies were blue. This was Easter Sunday.

Mary Barber was laying the cloth for breakfast when the bells broke out; the sound caught her ear through the open window. She turned sharply round to look at the cuckoo clock against the wall. It wanted ten minutes to eight.

"I was sure it was behin'," she exclaimed to herself testily. "That clock's always getting itself slow now."

Robert Owen came down the stairs, before the words had well left her lips, and entered the room. Never was the man's singular beauty more remarkable than on a Sunday morning; when he was always dressed as a gentleman. He looked rather surprised not to see the breakfast laid; for the farm was punctual in its habits and sat down precisely at eight on a Sunday; on week days at seven.

"You be down to the minute, master," was her greeting. "And I be late. What I did was to drop asleep just as I ought to have been a getting up," said Mary Barber. "I have had a bad night—in one sense; and I've a great mind to tell you, master, *why*."

Her manner, as she said it, was very peculiar. Mr. Owen, who had gone to the open window and was listening to the bells, turned and looked at her.

"I have had an ugly dream, master. Two dreams in one, as may be said; for I woke between 'em; and then went to sleep and dreamed it on again. 'Twas about you."

Mary Barber was superstitious in the matter of dreams. She did not have them often. Very rarely. It must be confessed that two or three times in her life her dreams had appeared to foreshadow coming events—events that afterwards happened. When a young woman, she had dreamed of the death of her father, and told the dream: some few days subsequently, his death, which was quite unexpected, took place.

Robert Owen smiled. He was one of the least superstitious men living: would as soon have put faith in a ghost as a dream.

"Yes, sir," she said, the smile somewhat nettling her, "I know how you'll ridicule all I say. But I think I'd better say it, for all that. There's some ill in store for you, master; so take care of yourself."

"Is the ill ghostly or bodily?" he rejoined. And Mary Barber did not like the evident mockery, good-natured though it was.

"Bodily, I should imagine," was the half-defiant answer, as the teaspoons were rattled into the saucers. "Listen to me while I tell you, master," she added; "it will be off my conscience."

"You had better be quick about it then, or you will have your mistress down," he said in resignation. "It may be as well not to tell dreams to her, if they are ugly ones."

She finished putting the things in their places on the cloth, and then stood by the side of the table, facing him. Mr. Owen was at the open window still, listening to the bells.

"Master, I thought in my sleep that it was to-day dawning; this very same Easter Sunday that *is*. All of us here seemed to be in a peck o' trouble; in great distress: and it was about you. You had to go somewhere; I don't know why or wherefore. It seemed to us that if you did go, some awful ill would come of it; ill to you; we knew that it would; and yet there seemed no help for it; never a thought crossed any of us to say Don't go. It seemed just one o' them things that *must be*, that's as sure as night or day; there was no question of passing it. We were in frightful distress; it was worse than any we can ever feel in this world; sharper and more real. Dreams are vivid; I often think they picture things a bit like what they'll be in Heaven, that is, when we

shall no longer see through a glass darkly. There was never such distress in this house, master, as we seemed to be in then, and because you had to go; it was just a bean anguish. The whole lot of us were crying bitterly."

"What do you call the 'whole lot?'" questioned Robert Owen, as she paused.

"I don't know. I think my missis and the young lasses were here; I know it was home; this farm, these rooms; and several of us stood about. The only face I clearly remember was Joan's; she was sitting down on that chair by the ironing-board in the kitchen, her hands clasped on her linsey apron, and her eyes hot and red with tears. Nobody but you seemed to be unconcerned, master."

"Oh, I did, did I?"

"You were moving about among us; I saw you more than once. But you seemed not to notice us, and not to feel any of the trouble that we felt. 'When's the master going?' I said to Joan; and I woke before she had time to answer."

"Is that all?" cried the master, far more absorbed by the bells, whose sound he loved, than by the tale.

"No, master; it's not all. I woke up with the distress, as it seemed; and I thought to myself what a strange dream. I wondered what time o' night it was, and got up and looked from the window. Dawn was just a glimmering, and I saw the mist had cleared. I got into bed, dropped asleep, and was in the dream again. The same dream, master; it seemed to go on just as if I'd never woke. Joan was standing by the same chair, not sitting then, and she was cleaned now, and had got her best things on. But you were gone, master; and I saw, as plainly as I could ever see awake, her red and swollen eyes. The house seemed to be in the same awful distress as before—it couldn't be worse—and we never could feel it like that in life. We all set off to look for you, master, a great lot of us, it was, but we knew in our hearts that, look as we would, you would never again come back to us; we knew it as certainly as we can know anything in this world. All the same, we ran, crying sadly; some went up the lane, and some went over the fields, and some hadn't got beyond the fold-yard; but all of us bearing off for the same point, as it were; and all a looking for you."

"Which point? The moon?"

"The Trailing Indian," she answered, too much wrapped in her tale to resent the words. "At least, it was that direction that we all seemed to be making for. I was one o' them in the lane, and I awoke with the running. This clock was striking half-after five, master; and I sat up in bed, and asked myself what the strange dream could mean. The tears stood in my eyes, and the sweat was on my brow, with the sorrow and the running. I've never hardly had such a life-like dream as that."

Mr Owen made no answer.

"I lay a thinking what it could mean. Then I went and called Joan, for 'twas time; and after that, I lay thinking again. Just as I ought to have got up, I dropped asleep; and that has made us late, master."

Mr. Owen bent his ear to catch the last chime of the bells. To him they were as of the sweetest melody.

"And, master, I'm not able to tell what it means, though it has never been for a minute out o' my thoughts since I got up. But, as sure as can be, it forebodes some ill for you."

"The bells have finished," said Mr. Owen, as the vibration of their sound was dying slowly away. "Mary, woman, I'd not let a foolish dream disturb me, if I were you."

"I know that it makes just as much impression upon you, sir, as if I'd said I had read it in the newspaper," returned Mary Barber tartly. "But I've told it you; and my conscience is, so far, at ease: and I'd say further, take what care you can of yourself. That's all, master."

She whisked out of the room, brought in a dish of ham, and set it on the table with a dash. Mr. Owen had his prayer-book in his hand, looking out the proper psalms for the Easter service.

Again Robert Owen stayed to partake of the Sacrament after morning service; and again Mrs. Owen (she was in the habit of staying,) and the parson equally wondered. Geoffry Clanwaring and his wife also stayed—for the first time together. Sir Dene was in his pew as usual; but afforded himself no opportunity of speaking to Geoffry and Maria. He always came out of church when the congregation, including his son and daughter-in-law, had departed.

Things were going on quietly between Sir Dene and Geoffry. They met frequently on business matters, and Sir Dene seemed cordial: now and then he would say, "How's your wife, Geoff?" But Geoffry had not been invited to take a meal at Beechhurst since that luncheon, already told of: his visits there were confined to business ones in Sir Dene's parlor. If any rare necessity brought Sir Dene to the Bailiff's lodge, he would shake hands with Maria and speak very kindly.

Sir Dene was alone this Easter. John Clanwaring had sent a wordy excuse for not quitting London. The heir was engaged to be married now, and his lady-love had claims on his time. Geoffry, knowing all this, had wondered whether Sir Dene might open his heart and invite him and his wife to partake of dinner at Beechhurst. But nothing of the kind took place.

They went up to dinner at Harebell Farm, and stayed there the rest of the day. Maria was grievously disappointed not to meet her sister.

"Is Polly so much worse that she could not come, mamma?" she asked.

"I don't think it is exactly that," said Mrs. Owen. "She is very weak and delicate, you know; but I suppose she could have come. George Arde has a bad cold, your father says; nearly laid up with it. They have a fresh nurse-girl, too. Polly had to send away the other."

Yes, Mr. Owen, to his wife, had put the non-coming for the Easter dinner upon any trivial excuse, rather than the true one—Mary Arde's fading life.

The night was bright—quite different from the previous one; it was almost as light as day. When Geoffry Clanwaring and his wife were departing after supper, Mr. Owen put on his cap to walk part of the way with them.

"I should think that cap of yours will never wear out, papa," saucily observed Maria.

"It does not get fresher," returned Mr. Owen; "but it is good for a cold night, lass."

This cap had been a standing joke with Robert Owen's daughters. It was of sealskin, originally bought for traveling; was expensive and considered very handsome, in accordance with the taste of the day. A year or two ago, when it was growing worn and shabby, Mr. Owen had taken it into night use: one evening, in stooping over the candle to read a letter, the front of it had got wofully singed; burnt, in fact. Mary Barber, who never would see anything wasted that could possibly be used, edged it round with some white fleecy fur. It rendered it more comfortable than before; certainly not more ornamental; for it made one think of a magpie.

"Robert, won't you put your great-coat on?" asked Mrs Owen, as she followed them to the outer door.

"I think I will," he answered, turning back to take it from the peg. "The air is frosty."

She stood a minute at the door watching them along the path that led round to the side of the house, Maria arm-in-arm with her husband; Mr. Owen buttoning his coat, his favorite stick in his hand. A chill seemed to take her and run right through her frame; she hastily shut the door and returned to the fire.

"What be you shivering at, missis?" questioned Mary Barber.

"It is cold at that open door," answered Mrs. Owen. "I have felt a little shivering all the evening. This best parlor is not half as warm as the other."

It was then ten o'clock. Mary Barber, busy in the kitchen, helping Joan to put things straight, did not come in again for nearly an hour. Mrs. Owen had dropped into a doze over the fire, and woke up with a start.

"Dear me! I was asleep. What's the time, Mary?"

"Hard upon eleven, missis."

"Hard upon eleven!" echoed Mrs. Owen. "Why, where can the master be? He must have gone all the way with them."

"It's a rare fine night," responded Mary Barber—as if tacitly implying that the fact might have tempted her master on.

Mrs. Owen put the Bible on the table against her husband should come in. Mary Barber sat down on the other side the fire; and they waited on, talking of various things. The cuckoo clock struck half-past eleven.

"Why where *can* he be?" exclaimed Mrs. Owen.

Wondering did not bring an answer. The time went on to twelve. Mrs. Owen was in a state of great surprise then, somewhat of alarm.

"Mary, do you *think* he can be staying all this while at Maria's?"

"Not unless him and Mr. Geoffry Clanwaring have got smoking a pipe together, missis. And that's not over likely."

"But, even if they had, the master would not stay all this while."

The house was very still: nothing to be heard but the ticking of the cuckoo clock, that came faintly through the open door of the other parlor. Joan was in bed and asleep, recruiting herself against the morrow's pleasure; Parkes, the man who slept in-doors, was also in bed. The clock ticked on for another half-hour: and with every minute, Mrs. Owen's uneasiness grew greater.

"Mary, it will soon be one," she said in excitement. "It is not *possible* but that something must have happened to him! Perhaps he has fallen down somewhere and hurt himself."

"The best thing, missis, for you to do, is to go to bed."

"Go to bed! Nonsense, Mary. I could not sleep if I did. You must call Parkes, and let him go out and look for his master."

"It'll take more time and trouble to waken Parkes than to go myself," was Mary Barber's answer. "Once that man gets asleep, there's no rousing him till work-time i' the morning. *I'll* go, missis."

If a thought crossed Mrs. Owen that she should feel very lonely all alone, she suppressed it. Mary Barber was even then putting on her bonnet and warm cloak. Her mistress flung a shawl over her shoulders and went with her to the corner of the house where she could see the fold-yard. They both listened for a minute, hoping to hear footsteps; but not a sound broke the night's stillness.

"Take the open road down Dene Hollow, Mary. That's the way he'd come up; perhaps you may meet him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOME, SWEET HOME.

It is a singular and noteworthy fact that although the song of "Home, Sweet Home" has attained a world-wide popularity, and contains, exclusive of the chorus, but eight lines, it is rarely printed correctly. In a reading-book for schools published in the city of New York a copy of this song, attached to a brief sketch of its author, is marred by no less than fourteen errors. The following is a literal copy from the author's own manuscript:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!
Home, Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from Home, splendor dazzles in vain!—
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
—The birds singing gayly that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home, Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

PEOPLE are beginning to learn the value of advertising the year round, and we are pleased to note that the approach of what is termed the dull season in business is not marked by that general inactivity on the part of advertisers which has hitherto characterized them. This is as it should be, and the persistency of those who are not intimidated by the cry of "dull times," but keep their names ever before the public, will surely place them on the winning side in the end.—*Rowell's Newspaper Reporter.*

☞ Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined, abominable to the good, insulting to those with whom we associate, degrading to the mind, unprofitable, needless and injurious to society.

☞ Maid of money—A spinster heiress.

ON SILVER WINGS.

By the author of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER V.

DID HE KNOW?

Diana's first interview with John Carteret had been under the poetic condition. Her second partook of the prose side of life. And it happened in this wise.

The luncheon bell had just sounded; and Diana, in passing through the hall, caught, through the half-opened door, a glimpse of two figures advancing up the avenue—the rector and John Carteret. She had never been glad to see the rector before.

Mrs. Seaton was already in the dining-room.

"Dr. Crawford is coming," observed Diana, carelessly and diplomatically, as she entered.

"I am glad to hear it. Smith, put another plate, and ask Dr. Crawford to come in."

"There is some one with him," proceeded Diana, looking out of the window, and seeming to have made a discovery—meanwhile despising herself.

"Dear me! Who can it be? His brother, perhaps."

"No, not his brother," returned Diana, feeling uncomfortably shy and undecided. Then she made a bold plunge. "It is a Mr. Carteret. He has come to read with Dr. Crawford. I met him accidentally at the church yesterday, and he introduced himself."

"Carteret! Carteret! I surely know something of the name. A very good name. Why didn't you mention him?"

But before Diana could answer, Dr. Crawford and John Carteret were ushered in.

"Charmed to see you, doctor," said Mrs. Seaton. "And how is Mrs. Crawford?—better, I trust. Di and I were intending to walk down to the rectory to see her, as soon as luncheon was over."

Whereat Diana turned scarlet, and her lip curled contemptuously. "No, we were not," she muttered, in a low, suppressed tone, that only reached John Carteret.

"You will stay luncheon, of course?" continued Mrs. Seaton; "and your friend—Mr. Carteret, I believe?" and she extended her hand. "Di tells me that she met you at the church yesterday."

Dr. Crawford glanced at his companion. He had been even more reticent than Diana.

"Yes. Miss Ellis and I were attracted to the organ at the same time," replied John Carteret.

"You are fond of music, then?" said Mrs. Seaton.

"Very."

"Mr Carteret is a cousin of a friend of yours, Mrs. Seaton," interposed Dr. Crawford. "Lady Pechford."

"Ah! I thought I knew something of the name. "A very old friend of mine. I hope your cousin was well when you saw her, Mr. Carteret? It is ages since we met."

"Quite, well, thank you."

"And you are fond of music," resumed Mrs. Seaton, when they were seated at the table. "We must have some musical evenings whilst you are at the rectory. You have not heard Di play for a long time, Dr. Crawford."

"No—Di has not favored me," replied Dr. Crawford.

"Di plays beautifully now, doctor. Signor Neri has quite done his duty. And you can't imagine the immense relief it is to me that Di can sing and play so well; it quite does away with my being obliged to invite poor little Neri to do the musical part for me at my dinner parties. To be sure, he only came to coffee: for one could not invite him to sit at table with one's guests."

"Why not?" interposed Diana, suddenly. "If one can accept a favor from a person, one puts oneself on an equality."

"By no means. It was a favor on the other side—an introduction for him. And the coffee was always excellent. Foreigners always like coffee; and it made a pleasant change for him. But you know, Dr. Crawford," said Mrs. Seaton, appealingly, "Di was always infatuated about that little foreigner and his sister."

"Yes, yes," answered the rector, smiling benignly. "Want of experience; little more knowledge of the world, Di. Capital sherry this, Mrs. Seaton. Where does Jasper get it? I must order some."

"I really don't know. Is it good? But, Dr. Crawford, you fully see what I mean with reference to Signor Neri?"

"Quite—quite. Impossible to upset the forms of society. Friendly to all—in a Christian sense—all brothers, and so on; theoretically, the wide view, my dear Mrs. Seaton—the wide view; but, when it comes to every-day practice, one has to draw the line a little more tightly. It becomes necessarily more refined; less vagueness about it. There is, naturally, an unavoidable vagueness in great classifications. The pulpit is one thing, the table is another. Besides, one always feels doubtful about refugees. There is an air of—of—something that is not quite respectable about the very word itself—suggestive of spies, contrabandists, agitators, subverters of order, innovators—and there is nothing so much to be guarded against as innovation of any kind."

"I quite agree with you. Your views are always so sound—so practical."

Dr. Crawford bowed, and helped himself to another glass of sherry.

"You are most fortunate, Mr. Carteret, in finding your way to Broadmead," continued Mrs. Seaton, turning to John Carteret.

"I am," he replied.

Diana looked up quickly. Could he be guilty of a compliment to Dr. Crawford? Was it possible that she had been deceived in her new acquaintance? She fell into a revery, and when she awoke from it, John Carteret was quietly and indifferently descanting upon the best method of forcing peaches. How he had passed on to the topic, Diana did not understand; she had been so immersed in her own speculations, that she had missed the connecting link.

Nevertheless, as it was; and Signor Neri's shortcomings and Dr. Crawford's perfections were lost sight of, also her own rising indignation.

But not for long. The rector, having made an excellent luncheon, and consequently, feeling complacent, was moved to develop his views on various subjects; and Mrs. Seaton, who had been watching the color rising in Diana's face, and expected an outburst, proposed that Mr. Carteret's opinion of the new piano should be asked.

"Will you look at it?" asked Diana, endeavoring to crush down her anger, as she saw John Carteret's quiet glance fixed upon her.

"With pleasure."

But as they passed through the hall, Diana said, "It is too hot to stay in the house. It is very cool among the pines, and the view is worth seeing."

"The pines, then, by all means," replied her companion.

Diana took down her hat.

They walked along—without speaking—through the garden, bright with auriculas, polyanthuses, and glowing beds of anemones. The laburnum was showing yellow tips that would soon burst into flower; and the lilac was opening its clusters, and beginning to send forth clouds of fragrance.

They entered the wood close by the spot where the wild hyacinths were massed in glorious profusion. John Carteret paused to admire the lovely sweep of color.

"How beautiful!"

Diana nodded.

And they went on in silence, until they gained a slight eminence which commanded a wide prospect of the country around.

Below them lay the valley, bright with the fresh young green of spring; and, far away—bounding the horizon—stretched the blue sea-line, visible only from that point.

"And there the sun goes down—over the marshwood beeches. I often come up here to see it set."

She spoke softly, for, in the beauty of nature, she had forgotten her indignation.

Presently it recurred to her.

"Do you wonder that I hate Dr. Crawford?" she asked, flinging down her hat with an impetuous jerk.

"Because he is of the earth earthy?" asked her companion, without directly replying to the question. "Nonsense—what are you going to do in the world?"

Diana looked up in wonderment, and then she answered, in so mournful a voice that John Carteret could not help smiling—

"I don't know."

"Every one has two sides," began John Carteret.

"That is just what I dislike," interrupted Diana. "People ought only to have one."

"Entirely good or entirely bad? The world would then be peopled with either monsters or angels; and that, you see, is at variance with the natural order of things."

Diana was a little perplexed. The view did not chime in with her ideas.

"What did you come here for?" she asked, suddenly. "What do you expect to learn from Dr. Crawford?"

"Dr. Crawford is a good Hebrew scholar."

"Oh!" And then she said, meditatively, "I'm sorry you are going to be a clergyman. And yet, perhaps, I should like to hear you preach; for I feel certain that you would say nothing that you did not with your whole heart believe in."

"Then you give me credit for honesty?"

"Yes. I have an intuitive feeling when I can trust a person."

"I feel flattered," he answered. "May I consider, then, that you will add me to your list of friends?"

Diana's eyes gleamed with a deeper light.

"Yes," she said; "I shall be glad to have you for a friend. I have only three: Signor Neri, and his sister, and Madame de Mouline."

"All foreigners!"

"No; Madame de Mouline is Jasper's sister. She is much older than Jasper—and married a Frenchman. But she will not be my friend long, I am afraid—I think she will die; though Mrs. Seaton will not hear of such a thing. Jasper has gone to stay with her."

An odd sensation flitted through John Carteret's mind at this mention of Jasper for which he could not account, and a strange curiosity to know something about him.

Presently he was satisfied, for Diana went on—

"Jasper is my guardian. You would not like him, though he can be agreeable enough if he chooses—but no one can depend upon him. He thinks one thing one minute, and something quite different the next—just according to the humor he is in. Besides, he is very passionate; so, on the whole, you see, I could not have him for a friend."

John Carteret made no answer. Perhaps Diana expected none, for she was looking far away into the distance, and her thoughts were evidently wandering. One ray of sunshine, stealing through the many-leaved ceiling above them, played around the tawny yellow hair, and lighted it into the semblance of a glory, and then lost itself among her amber beads, that flashed like fire as it touched them. The face, looking out from the circling halo, was pale through contrast; and the eyes were full of some inner thought that made the lips twitch restlessly.

John Carteret did not disturb the thinker. At length she spoke—

"Which do you like best, sunrise or sunset?"

"Is that the result of your meditations?" asked her companion.

"Yes, but I do not know how or why it came—it was like a flash at the end of them. But you have not answered."

"I scarcely know which to say."

"Do you not?" she asked, in a more earnest tone than the question appeared to demand. "That is like myself. I used to be quite sure that I liked the sunset best—it was like something finished, something that had won a victory, and was sinking in all its glory to rest in a world of gold and amethyst and precious things. But now, it seems to me that the rising is just as beautiful—rising in all the crimson glow to light the earth, to rule over it, to bring the day. I cannot make it out—I do not understand; but since that sermon on Sunday—I don't believe Dr. Crawford made it himself; he couldn't; he is not the man to think the things he said—since then, everything has seemed different; even I myself. It is as though I had wings, and were pluming them for flight—only I do not know whither."

She was scarcely speaking to John Carteret now. Far away over the blue sea-line her eyes were looking into the west, as though they could pierce beyond, even unto the unknown.

"There are strange meanings in everything, I believe," she said, "and voices everywhere. Do you hear them also? The stories that I heard when I was a child, long, long ago, in India, come crowding into my mind. I have not thought of them since, until these last few days. And now it seems as if nature were no longer inanimate, but that each stream may be some spirit having power for good and evil—that the birds that sing around us may be human souls crying to us for sympathy."

She turned suddenly to John Carteret as she spoke the last words, and the mournful look died away, and a scornful flash came into her eyes, and a scornful smile upon her lips.

"Supposing I said all this to Dr. Crawford—what do you think he would say? He would laugh, and tell me that I was talking nonsense, that I was wild and romantic, and that my head was turned with wandering in the woods and playing on the organ. And yet I know that there is some great truth in what I feel—that something is being taught me; and that he—he who stands up Sunday after Sunday to teach the people, cannot tell me about it, because it is something greater than he can understand. If you are going to be a preacher, you will have to know more than he does. You must learn what these things mean. Do you know? Can you tell me?"

And the scornful tone changed into pleading, as she finished her speech.

"Can you tell me?"

Did he know? So he asked himself, and he answered within himself—

"Not until now."

And now the revelation came—came to him through his own soul; and his own soul told him that, in the crimson morning light of awakening, the Soul beside him was struggling into existence—was beginning to feel, to hear, to speak.

"Not now," he said, in a low voice.

And she, looking up at the spiritual face that had illumined the sermon for her, felt that she was answered already.

At anyrate, she was content to wait.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITEMS.

☞ Guilty of revolutionary movements—Organ grinders.

☞ An old steamboat boiler is used for a jail in Arkansas.

☞ A ruralist in Memphis gave a boy half a dollar for a paper, and the boy gave him three papers, his entire stock, to hold while he went for change. He has not returned yet. The suburban thinks fifty cents dear for three papers.

☞ If a young woman bids you take heart, you can probably take hers.

☞ The latest dose of sickly sentimental song is entitled, "Give my button hook to Josie." The author is said to be at work on "Lend my chewing gum to Gertie."

☞ An old lady, slightly blind, while engaged in a futile attempt to sew buttons on young Augustus's new jacket, remarked:—"Drat these buttons! I can't find the holes, and they split all to pieces every time I stick the needle into 'em." To which replied young Augustus, "Now, look 'ere, Granny! you just let my peppermint drops alone. You've spilt mor'n half 'em already."

☞ An incorporated society hired a man to blast a rock, save Mark Twain, and he was punching powder into a hole with a crowbar, when a premature explosion followed, sending the man and crowbar out of sight. Both came down again all right, and the man went to work again directly. But, though he was gone only fifteen minutes, they docked him for lost time.

☞ A lawyer, who wished to cross the river on the ice, was told that it would be entirely safe to make the attempt if he crawled over on his hands and knees. Anxious to go, he humbled himself accordingly, and had laboriously got half way across when he was overtaken by a man driving along leisurely in a buggy. The rapidity with which he assumed an upright position was startling to the driver.

☞ Carlyle relates in his history of the French revolution, that a wood cut was issued representing a gourmand convoking the poultry of his barn-yard, with this opening address: "Dear animals, I have assembled you to advise me what sauce I shall dress you with." To which one of them responding, "We don't want to be eaten," was checked by the remark, "You wander from the point."

☞ The first threshing machine set up in Illinois is still running, and killed a man last year just as effectually as a new one.

☞ Somebody has written a book, entitled, "What shall my son be?" Upon which some one rudely comments: "If the boy is as bad as the book, the chances are that he shall be hanged."

☞ Dr. Hammond prescribes iron and strychnine in certain doses as a cure for spiritualism, believing it to be a bodily disease of an hysterical and cataleptical character.

☞ The Princess Louise's wedding-cake was three stories high, on a golden stand, and weighed two hundred pounds. It was embellished with royal arms, flowers, fruits, monograms, Cupids, likenesses of Louise and Lorne, roses, shamrocks, thistles, birds, and sundry other things.

☞ SHOW AND SINCERITY.—If the show of anything be good for anything, we are sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to?

☞ A Bostonian who did Mount Washington on foot last year, says that he got as ravenous as a raven among the ravines, and sat down in one of the gorgeous gorges and gorged himself.

☞ A new style of sleeve-buttons are made to open, thus forming a locket large enough to contain a likeness.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—8000 bbls sold at from $5,00@5,50 for superfine; $5,62½@6 for extra; $6,50@7 25 for Northwest family; $6,50@6 75 for Penna family; $7@7,75 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $8@9,50 ℘ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,87½@6 ℘ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—50,000 bus sold at $1,63@1,68 for Indiana red; $1,64@1,68 for Ohio red; $1,55@1,61 for Penna red; $1,70@1,72 for Western amber. Rye—Sales of 2000 bus at $1,10@1,15 for Penna. Corn—Sales of 60,000 bus at 73@74c for Western mixed; 74@76c for Western, Southern and Penna yellow, and 73@74c for white. Oats—Sales of 75,000 bus at 67@68 for mixed and 70@71c ℘ bus for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $17, and extra prime at $14,50. Mess Beef is steady at $18 ℘ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $27@30 ℘ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 14@15c; Excelsior hams at 16c; sides at 9½@10½c, and shoulders at 7½@8c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 11@13½c; sides at 9½, and shoulders in salt, at 6@6½c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tierces at 10½@11½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 10@15c; Penna store packed at 18@20c, and roll at 16@20c ℘ lb. Eggs sell at 19@21c ℘ dozen. Cheese sells at 10@14c ℘ lb.

COTTON—500 bales of middlings sold at 17½@18c ℘ lb for upland, and 18@18½c ℘ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $30 ℘ ton. Tanners' Bark at $15@30 ℘ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX at 28@32c ℘ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Peaches and Apples—Sales at 13@14c ℘ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $5@7 ℘ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at 7@15c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ℘ 100 lbs, $1,20@1,25; mixed do, 95@$1,10; straw, $1,45@1,50.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of No 1 at $35 ℘ ton; No 2 at $3[illegible]; and Gray Forge at $23 ℘ ton. Scotch Pig at $32,50@34 ℘ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed at 8@8½c ℘ lb. Timothy at $5@6. Flaxseed at $2,20.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 4½@8½ cts ℘ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ℘ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from 5@7c ℘ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $7@7,50 ℘ 100 lbs.

The Latest Outrage.—Our sanctum was invaded yesterday by a reckless man, who perpetrated the following: "If a small pitcher could cry, what color would the small pitcher stain the handkerchief with which it wiped its eyes? *Answer.*—Gray—because little pitchers have great ears.

An occasional preacher, after his sermon at one of the Cape Elizabeth, Me., churches, requested all who wished him to preach in the afternoon to rise. No one rose. "Well," said the preacher, who was bent on the propagation of his peculiar views, "silence gives consent—so I'll preach in the afternoon."

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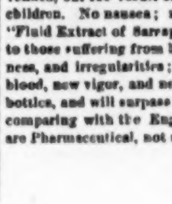

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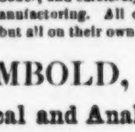

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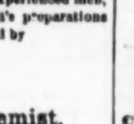

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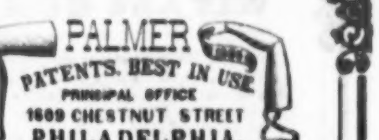

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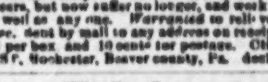

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A sure cure for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. Phelps Brown. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured every body who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any druggist. Persons desiring a copy may address Dr. O. Phelps Brown, No. 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. mh4-12t

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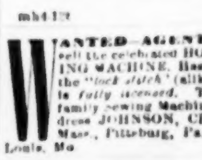

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Dissertation on Shad.

The editor of the Belfast (Me.) Journal has commenced a series of papers on fishes indigenous to Maine waters. The following is his essay on shad:

The shad was named for old Shad-rach, whom Nebu-chad-nezzar considered a scaly chap till after he passed through his fiery furnace, when he was found to be a man of much back-bone, and in this respect the shad resembles him in great quantities. Shad are nature's pin-cushions for bones. They are built of the refuse stuff that was left after all the rest of the fish were concocted. The interior of a shad looks like a fine-tooth comb or a wool-card, and the best way to get the meat out is to use a tooth-pick. A little later in the season and the shad will make their appearance. When they come, they come a good deal, there is many of him, he is multitudinous. We are not read up as to where the shad lives before he comes this way, but he boards where they set a poor table. When he first puts in an appearance he is extremely emaciated. He is so thin that his skin don't fit him, hence the phrase, "thin as a shad." You can't get anything thinner than a spring shad, unless you take a couple of them, when, of course, they will be twice as thin. They look much like a porgie—about twice as much, but they are not so high scented. Shad fishing is a lucrative business. If the fisherman has good luck they will net him considerable, or he will net them considerable; we are doubtful which. Like their namesakes on shore, they are fast; they don't stop to loaf any more than a thorough-bred pill, but just keep right on about their business.

A person to like shad wants to eat them often, at near intervals, once every twenty-four hours for eleven or nineteen weeks. The champion place for getting up an appetite for shad is at a Brooklyn boarding-house. The thing there is reduced to a science. As soon as shad become cheap and plenty the landlady announces at the breakfast-table that she will have shad for dinner. The boarder immediately goes to his room and puts on the poorest shirt he has, and when he comes to dinner he has provided himself with a magnifying glass, which makes the bones look larger, a small basket to put the bones in, a tooth-pick and a pair of tweezers. When one eats shad he wants to eat it; he don't want to talk or discuss the state of affairs in France, as he will get so full of the bony parts that he will sigh for a little more Bourbon. When he swallows a bone all he has to do is to take his tweezers and pull it out; after one learns the art it is simple, and even graceful. It is calculated that during the shad season a good eater will get from ten to fifteen bushels of bones from what shad he eats. After the last shad is destroyed he tears off his shirt, sand-papers off the ends of the bones which are sticking out through his skin, dons clean linen, and is himself again.

If we have in our remarks said aught that looks as though we had wandered from the truth, we are willing to vouch for correctness by furnishing all skeptics with a written affidavit.

A New York Man.

Even the Boston gentlemen of color participate with the white *savans* of the Hub in their lofty disdain of the talent of New York. A friend, happening to be caught in that city over Sunday, thought he would take a glimpse at some of the churches. Stepping inside the porch of an A 1 meeting-house, the sexton, colored, approached respectfully, and said: "Will you have a seat, sah? Happy to show you to one, sah. Plenty seats this morning, sah."

"No, thank you; can't stay but a moment; just stopped to glance at the church. What is the name of the clergyman?"

"That, sah, is the Rev. Dr. ——."

"Fine preacher, isn't he?"

"Well, sah, peoples has different notions 'bout preachers."

"But he seems quite animated."

"Yes, sah; consid'ble animated."

"And appears to have talent."

"Well, sah, as I said afo', peoples has such different notions 'bout preachers. Dar's some dat tinks he's mighty good on de words. I tink myself he's a *fair* man, sah—a *fair* man, but not of de *prima facie* class. He's a *good* man, sah, a well-meanin' man, but not a talented man. He's a New York man, sah!"

Rooles for Playing Onto a Organ in Meeting.

When the preacher comes in and seals down in the poolpit, pool out all the stoppers. That's what stoppers is for.

When a him is gave out to be sung, play over the whole toon before singin, but be sure to play it so they can't tell whether it's that toon or some other toon. It will amoose the people to guess.

When you play the interlude, sumtimes pull all the stoppers out, and sumtimes pull them all in. The stoppers is made to pull out and in.

Play the interloods about twice as long as the toon. The interloods is the best part of the mewsic, and should be the longest.

Play from the interloods into the toon without letting them know when the toon begins. This will teach them to mind their biznes. Always play the interloods faster or slower than the toon. This will keep it from being the same time as the toon.

If the preacher gives out 5 virces play 4. Tew many virces is teejus.

Doorin the sermon go out of the church, and cum back in time for the next toon. This will show you don't mean to be hard on the preacher by havin tew many listenin to him at wonst.

EFFECTUAL.—The merchants of Terre Haute have hit on a novel plan for getting rid of corner loafers that might be tried with good effect in other localities. When the gentry have assembled in front of their stores the merchants hang out a sign, "Wanted, Employment for these Roosters," and this, it is said, has the effect of dispersing the worthless crowd much more completely than a Sheriff's posse. We wish it were tried in Philadelphia, and especially at the railroad depot in Germantown.

RATHER GREEN.—At the Kentucky Convention, when certain members were shouting the names of Leslie, Brown, Knott and other aspirants for the nomination, a large portion of the impatient body were calling for a ballot, and a delegate approached another and gravely inquired; "Who is this man Ballot? He seems to be a popular man; everybody calls for him, and it is very strange that he isn't nominated."

THE SHAM FIGHT.

ADJUTANT.—"Now, then, Major Jones, your men are retreating. Mount, and follow them at once."

MAJOR.—"It's all very well to say '*Mount!*' but that is just what I've been trying to do ever since the firing commenced."

KINDNESS.

Wide is God's great world around us,
Room enough for all to live;
Mar no creature's brief enjoyment—
Take not what you cannot give.

Ever let your heart be tender,
For the mute and helpless plead:
Pitying leads to prompt relieving,
Kindly thought to kindly deed.

The Drying Up of the Water of the Earth.

The present volume of water about the earth Mr. Dana estimates to be equal to an envelope two miles in thickness, and if the cooled crust is but fifty miles in depth, and be supposed to have secreted but two per cent. of its bulk of water, which is the average amount found in rocks, we may confidently assume an earlier condition in the progress of our cycle, when the watery envelope was certainly five thousand feet deeper than to-day, and as certainly predict the entire absorption of the moisture of the surface of the earth when its crust shall have doubled its present thickness.

This reduction is incessant, probably of uniform rate, and follows natural laws. Water presses downward, and invades every pore and cavity of rock with the persistence of five thousand pounds per square inch upon the mean depth of ocean-bed (ten thousand feet." There is a line of fierce strife within the surface where water steadily and successfully attacks, and where fire desperately and fitfully repels, with sorties at times, as volcanic eruptions, of frightful energy, which follow some new and deeper encroachment of the water.

All force and action are parts of an effort to reach an exact balance, or equilibrium. "All matter must oxidise or crystallise." Perhaps the crystallization of all gases and liquids into the solids for which they have affinities will be the complexion of the grand cycle of terrestrial forces and matter.

M. Poisson, quoted by Dana, asserts that the earth is millions of years in losing one degree of its internal heat, and, as the absorption of moisture follows only upon that reduction, a cycle of years which should complete the process, could only be stated by an array of figures outrunning human comprehension.

That the moon had formerly an atmosphere and seas, is little doubted. The spectroscope shows it to have the same mineralogical character as the other planetary bodies, suggesting corresponding elements and life. That it is now utterly barren and void of surface-moisture, is generally believed; and it is assumed that, by reason of its lesser size, it has only so much sooner passed through the several mechanical stages of a destiny which is at once the type and prophecy of the earth's ultimate condition of exhaustion and rest. W. D. H.

A Caution About Ice Pitchers.

The *American Chemist* is authority for the statement that nearly three years ago, Mr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer and Chemist of Massachusetts, had occasion to investigate the causes leading to the very rapid corrosion of the metallic ice-water pitchers, which were made at that time in immense quantities, and of which large numbers are still in use, though they are being gradually supplanted by those lined with glass or enamel. He was then surprised to find them, to say the least, such a source of danger; and since that time he has seen several cases of lead poisoning attributed to no other cause than the use of water from these metallic pitchers.

Love.

There is nothing on earth worthy of being compared for a moment with Love. No other thing that can give, by itself, unalloyed happiness. A loveless life is worthless, though passed in luxury, and crowned with the proudest laurels of successful ambition. A life well set about with love is blessed, though haunted by that relentless fate which seems to deny to some men and women what the world calls success. To have been without a parent's love in childhood, without the love of brothers and sisters; to have passed youth without that more romantic love which makes heaven of earth; and to live on in maturity, neither feeling nor inspiring that strong, enduring love which makes any sacrifice easy, any toil pleasant, any burden light, so that it benefits the well-beloved, is to be poor indeed—so poor that even the pitying angels have no arms to give them that can do any good. And yet, how many know nothing of love, or only understand the word in its coarsest sense, so that one blushes to have uttered it in such presence. How many, more pure than these sneer at it as a delusion and absurdity, not understanding that pure love is not a thing of the senses, but of the soul; not a flame, flickering and flashing over the passionate time of life, but a soft, steady glow, lighting it from the cradle to the grave, and one may even hope, burning on beyond it, since heaven itself is love.

Animals and the Faculty of Reason.

BY DARWIN.

So many facts have been recorded in various works showing that animals possess some degree of reason, that I will here give only two or three instances, authenticated by Rengger, and relating to American monkeys, which stand low in their order. He states that when he first gave eggs to his monkeys they smashed them and thus lost much of their contents; afterward they gently hit one end against some hard body, and picked off the bits of shell with their fingers. After cutting themselves only once with any sharp tool, they would not touch it again, or would handle it with the greatest care. Lumps of sugar were often given them wrapped up in paper, and Rengger sometimes put a live wasp in the paper, so that in hastily unfolding it they got stung; after this had once happened they always first held the packet to their ears to detect any movement within. Any one who is not convinced by such facts as these, and by what he may observe with his own dogs, that animals can reason, would not be convinced by anything that I could add. Nevertheless I will give one case with respect to dogs, as it rests on two distinct observers, and can hardly depend on the modification of any instinct. Mr. Colquhoun winged two ducks, which fell on the opposite side of a stream; his retriever tried to bring over both at once, but could not succeed; she then, though never before known to ruffle a feather, deliberately killed one, brought over the other, and returned for the dead bird. Colonel Hutchinson relates that two partridges were shot at once, one being killed, the other wounded; the latter ran away and was caught by the retriever, who on her return came across the dead bird; "she stopped, evidently greatly puzzled, and, after one or two trials, finding she could not take it up without permitting the escape of the winged bird, she considered a moment, then deliberately murdered it by giving it a severe crunch, and afterward brought away both together. This was the only known instance of her ever having wilfully injured any game." Here we have reason, though not quite perfect, for the retriever might have brought the wounded bird first, and then returned for the dead one, as in the case of the two wild ducks. The muleteers in South America say, "I will not give you the mule whose step is easiest, but *la mas racional*, the one that reasons best, and Humboldt adds, "this popular expression, dictated by long experience, combats the system of animated machines better, perhaps, than all the arguments of speculative philosophy."—*The Descent of Man.*

...—all brothers, and so on; theory, the wide view, my dear Mrs. Seaton, the wide view; but, when it comes to daily practice, one has to draw the line more tightly. It becomes necessarily refined; less vagueness about it. There is, usually, an unavoidable vagueness in classifications. The pulpit is one thing, the table is another. Besides, one feels doubtful about refugees. There is something—of—something that is not quite ...able about the very word itself—suggestive of spies, contrabandists, agitators, ...ters of order, innovators—and there is ...ing so much to be guarded against as ...tion of any kind."

"...uite agree with you. Your views are ...so sound—so practical."

...Crawford bowed, and helped himself ...her glass of sherry.

"...u are most fortunate, Mr. Carteret, ...ing your way to Broadmead," continued Mrs. Seaton, turning to John Carteret.

"...m," he replied.

...looked up quickly. Could he be ...of a compliment to Dr. Crawford? ...possible that she had been deceived ...new acquaintance? She fell into a ...and when she awoke from it, John ...was quietly and indifferently des... upon the best method of ...

Relative Height and Weight.

The late Dr. John Hutchinson, after obtaining the height and weight of over five thousand persons, prepared the following tabular statement, showing the relative height and weight of persons in health:

5 feet 1 inch	120 pounds.
5 feet 2 inches	125 pounds.
5 feet 3 inches	133 pounds.
5 feet 4 inches	139 pounds.
5 feet 5 inches	142 pounds.
5 feet 6 inches	145 pounds.
5 feet 7 inches	148 pounds.
5 feet 8 inches	155 pounds.
5 feet 9 inches	162 pounds.
5 feet 10 inches	169 pounds.
5 feet 11 inches	174 pounds.
6 feet	178 pounds.

The above is the average; of course there are many cases of variation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NUMEROUS CONTRIBUTORS.—We are always in want of novelets, and short stories and sketches—especially the latter. We are overwhelmed with dull, slow, prosy stories. We want our stories, especially our long ones, condensed, rapid, dramatic, and full of incident and adventure.

We do not wish to return stories, even if the stamps are sent with them. But if their return is desired, sufficient stamps should be sent. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the safety of manuscripts intrusted to us.

We cannot consent to criticise communications. An article may be excellent of its kind, and yet not adapted for our purposes. If a story or sketch does not suit us, it does not, and that is the end of it.

FANNIE R. (*New Jersey*) writes:—"I hope you will forgive me for annoying you with my troubles, but I am at a loss what to do myself, and don't know where else to look for disinterested advice. I am unfortunately separated from my husband, though our relations continue friendly. You must excuse me the long story of our difficulty. I have several male friends, who have been very kind to me, and who visit me with the entire approval of my husband. But there is considerable of the country village spirit around here, and the neighbors make of these visits material for very annoying gossip. Being conscious of my own rectitude, and having confidence in that of my friends, I do not like to yield my comfort and my sense of right to the clamor of gossiping tongues and the ill constructions of evil-disposed minds. Yet I find my situation excessively unpleasant, and venture to request advice through your columns as to what I had best do, as I feel my own incompetence to decide." Madame Gossip is an enemy, and it may be that you have given her more cause to use her keen weapon than you imagine. There is certainly nothing wrong in your receiving the visits of your friends under the circumstances stated, but you may have acted indiscreetly in your mode of doing so. A position like yours needs the utmost discretion. You may have innocently given cause for ill constructions. Scandal is often founded on mere appearances, and you need to be careful of the looks of things, as well as of their reality.

A. E. F. (Georgia) writes:—"Having long been a reader of your valuable sheet, from which I have received much both of enjoyment and of instruction, I must request you to post me on one point, either editorially or otherwise. I am aware that many persons from different parts of the South, have gone to Brazil since the war, with the purpose of trying agriculture in the rich lands of the tropics. I have not heard, however, what success they have had, and would be thankful if you could enlighten me on this point, as if there is a good opening for American enterprise in that quarter, I think seriously of trying my fortune there." So far as has been reported these enterprises have in every case proved failures. Most of the parties referred to have returned, though some few are said to be still struggling for existence on Brazilian soil. Stay where you are, if your position is at all endurable. Brazil is too fertile for human agriculture. It is nature's great farm, her vegetable kingdom, in which man has but the ghost of a chance. It is besides pestered with such a torment of flies, mosquitoes, ants, serpents, and other troublesome and venomous creatures, with such enervating heat and unhealthy soil, that our advice is to leave well enough alone. No civilization can long sustain itself against the assaults of nature in the tropics.

A BOTHERED GIRL (Philadelphia) says:—"Dear Post, I am going to torment you. I know you are a good-natured, kind, fatherly sort of a Post, and that you will be easy on me. I have no experience of the world and want the use of your experience. My judgment is a broken reed, and I want to lean on yours. What shall I do? What would you do if you had two lovers, and loved them both, and did not know which you loved best, and was pestered how to choose between them? A nice question to ask of a male Post, aged 50, ain't it? but I am in a quandary, and want you to lift me out of it. I have been a little of a flirt, I acknowledge, but I do love both of these tender swains, and don't know how to choose between them. Tell me what to do, and earn my lasting gratitude." This is one of those interesting cases which would be most easily settled by the toss of a penny. If not satisfied to take this ready method, you had best inquire into the antecedents and the future prospects of your two lovers and choose him who shows the best record. Don't let good looks or an easy tongue tempt you to decide, but make neat habits, good temper and a rational mind strong points in favor of the one who possesses them. Money, too, is an object, but only a secondary one. We can only hope you will choose wisely and live happily with the fortunate swain—in case you really love either, which is very doubtful.

SUSAN (Baltimore) writes: "What is the latest dictum of science in regard to matters round the North Pole? I see the present expedition proposes to reach it on sledges. Is this possible? Has it not been proved that it is surrounded by an open sea? Is the route proposed considered the best? A short article on this subject, if not too troublesome, would be thankfully received, and might prove interesting to other readers." An attempt to cross the ice to the poles is but an experiment, but not so wild a one as it would be were your premises correct. The open polar sea is not yet proven. True both Dr. Hayes and Dr. Kane saw, from their extreme northern point, open water reaching far to the north. This is evidence in favor of their theory, but more observations, and from other points, must be made, before any settled conclusion can be reached. In regard to the best route, that to the north of Europe, following the supposed course of the Gulf Stream, is now highly recommended; and seems certainly much more promising than that to the west of Greenland, in which so many expeditions have failed.

WAVERLY (Pottsville, Pennsylvania,) says: "I am a constant reader of the Post, and would feel greatly favored if you would inform me what are the prospects of obtaining a clerkship in Philadelphia. I am desirous of obtaining the advantages of city life, but must first feel my way to a situation." You will find the getting of a clerkship one of the disadvantages of city life. There is but poor prospect for any one not acquainted in the city. You may, of course, succeed, but the chances are strong in favor of failure.

ANNA. *What meaning is supposed to be revealed when you blow at Dandelion seed?* The origin of this custom is thus given by an old writer: "Are you separated from the object of your love?—carefully pluck one of these feathery flowers; charge each of the little feathers composing it with a tender thought; turn towards the spot where the loved one dwells; blow, and the little aerial travellers will faithfully convey your secret message to his or her feet. Do you wish to know if that dear one is thinking of you, as you are thinking of him or her, blow again; and if there is left upon the stalk a single aigrette, it is a proof that you are not forgotten." The author adds, "but this second trial must be conducted with great caution. You must blow very gently; for, at any age, even at that which love renders most suspicious, it is wrong to dispel too rudely the illusions which embellish life."

AGRICULTURAL.

California Farming.

Extract of a letter from Sebastopol, Sonoma county, Cal.:—

Dear M.—To-day (April 23d) has been like a June day in the States—clear, warm, and all the fields teeming with growth and life. * * * * * Our four cows make a good deal of butter; E. has made one cheese. We have two hundred little chickens.

30th—K. L. and I went to church to-day. The people are all plain, but the girls dress as near the tip of fashion as they can. E. noticed three green velvet side saddles hitched to the fence and wished for one herself to ride around the country.

We expect to plough and harrow the orchard. We have been working at the fruit the last two or three weeks. The grapes and peaches are all done; the most of the apples are yet to do. The ground has to be ploughed and harrowed; the finer it is pulverized the better it will stand the drought. The rains are probably all over now untill next winter. Two weeks ago to-day was the last rain—a cold one it was too. The mountains were white with snow. The climate here is singularly equable; never hot, never cold. For my part I should like a little hotter weather. E. thinks it delightful all the time.

May 10th—Work, work, work! We have been planting beats and squashes to feed the cows next fall when the grass is all parched by the drought. Farming here requires very different management from anywhere else. Fruit trees do well in spite of the driest weather if the ground is kept well cultivated, and corn takes more work to ensure a crop than in Minnesota. Our grape-cuttings are growing finely. The peach and apple trees are loaded with fruit. E. W.

GOATS AND RATS.—A correspondent writes to the Germantown Telegraph that the smell of a goat is obnoxious to the nostrils of rats; that the two wont be friends and companions on any account whatever, and that the introduction of goats to one's barn or premises will cause an immediate stampede of all the rats. Being sadly plagued by rats about his house and farm building, he got a couple of goats and had not seen a rat for upwards of two years.

HEAVES IN HORSES.—The horse may be rendered serviceable for moderate slow work by giving him good food in small quantity, and at frequent short intervals, giving shorts and cut hay, both slightly damped; allowing besides dry food, small quantities of carrots, restricting the amount of fluids and feeding and watering at least an hour before work.—*American Stock Journal.*

WHO will tell us the reason that at the races in England the *time* is never given? The name of the winning horse only is given with the number of horses in the race.

THE RIDDLER.

Word Square.

An insect.
A girl's name.
Crystalized vapor.
A part of an animal.

Charade.

My first is found in the autumn.
My second is a young lady's pet name.
My whole is used as a flavor. ANNA.

Problem.

Divide one hundred into two such parts that the square of the one multiplied by the square root of the other may be a maximum.

GEO. W. SUBLETTE.

Conundrums.

☞ If all the seas were dried up, what would Neptune say? Ans.—I really haven't an ocean (a notion).

☞ Why must a Yankee speculator be very subject to water on the brain? Ans.—Because he has always an ocean (a notion) in his head.

[We think we are correct in saying that water on the brain makes a man silly or *soft*; probably it is so because it must b'rain water. Alas and alas, how much worse than water on the brain is brandy and water on the brain!]

☞ What creatures may be said to live on their relations? Ans.—The ant eaters.

☞ If a girl were to fall into the water, and were unable to sink, why would she partly change her sex? Ans.—Because she would be a boy and (buoyant) girl.

☞ Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder cloud? Ans.—Because it is continually lightening.

☞ What is that which, when brought to table, is cut but never eaten? Ans.—A pack of cards.

☞ When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? Ans.—When it runs down.

☞ What was it a blind man took at breakfast which restored his sight? Ans.—He took up a cup and—saw, sir.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." WORD SQUARE—

B O O T
O L I O
O I L S
T O S S.

RECEIPTS.

MEAD.—To each gallon of water put four pounds of honey; boil it one hour; when the scum has done rising, pour the liquor into a tub, and when cool put a toast with yeast spread over it into the tub; allow it to stand until the next day; then pour it into the cask and put the bung lightly over it; let it stand one year in the barrel.

STEWED MACCARONI.—Boil 2 oz. of maccaroni in water, drain it well; put into a saucepan 1 oz. of butter, mix it well with one tablespoonful of flour, moisten with four tablespoonsful of veal stock and a gill of cream, add 2 oz. of grated Parmesan, one tablespoonful of mustard, salt and cayenne to taste; put in the maccaroni, and serve as soon as it is well mixed with the sauce and quite hot.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Two oz. of good cheese grated, 1½ oz. of butter, 1½ oz. of flour, and a little cayenne. Mix all together and make into a paste; roll it out very thin, and cut into narrow stripes. Lay them on a tin, and bake in a slow oven.

TO BLEACH WHITE SILKS OR FLANNEL.—Wash the articles clean, rinse in suds, and smoke with brimstone while wet; the silk must be brushed or washed with a sponge; if rubbed, it will never press smoothly; expose the goods to the air, and the odor will soon pass off.